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PROTESTANT ministers, and Protestants everywhere, will be interested in the spirited protest in this issue by George W. Hinman, Jr.—himself a Protestant—against what he terms the "outspoken usurpation of secular authority by self-appointed clerical leaders, which is going on in this country."

ADMITTEDLY, the question how far a minister shall interest himself in politics is a difficult one. Religion is not wholly a matter of the next world. Churchmen, like other leaders, have a duty to society. To deny them a right to participate in society's efforts to solve its problems would be absurd.

AND yet, the temptation to use the authority of the church, the tendency to range God on the side of one's own opinions (unless our memory fails us, we were informed during the late war that God was on the side of the Kaiser) constitutes a grave danger both to any established church and to society itself. So distinct a menace has it been in the past, that the necessity for the separation of church and state in this country is specifically recognized in the Constitution.

CERTAINLY, wholly to substitute legislation and political activity for personal religious work is no gain for the ordinary mortal so far as the church is concerned. So far as the minister, himself, is involved, it tends to lead men away from themselves and from their own necessity of spiritual improvement—in the direction of criticizing and legislating for others. Where the state is in question, it undoubtedly constitutes a menace which Protestants are quick to discern in other sects, but inclined to disregard in their own case.

UNLESS the Protestant churches are to be brought into disrepute the better class of Protestant clergyman ought soon to take hold of the problem.

THE main value of religion, we think most people will agree, lies in its power to bring men back to their best selves, to lead them to face their own consciences and truth. The best man of God has always been he who set a God-like example, who followed the creed of Christ, who gave aid to the suffering and was a helper in time of spiritual and mental trouble.

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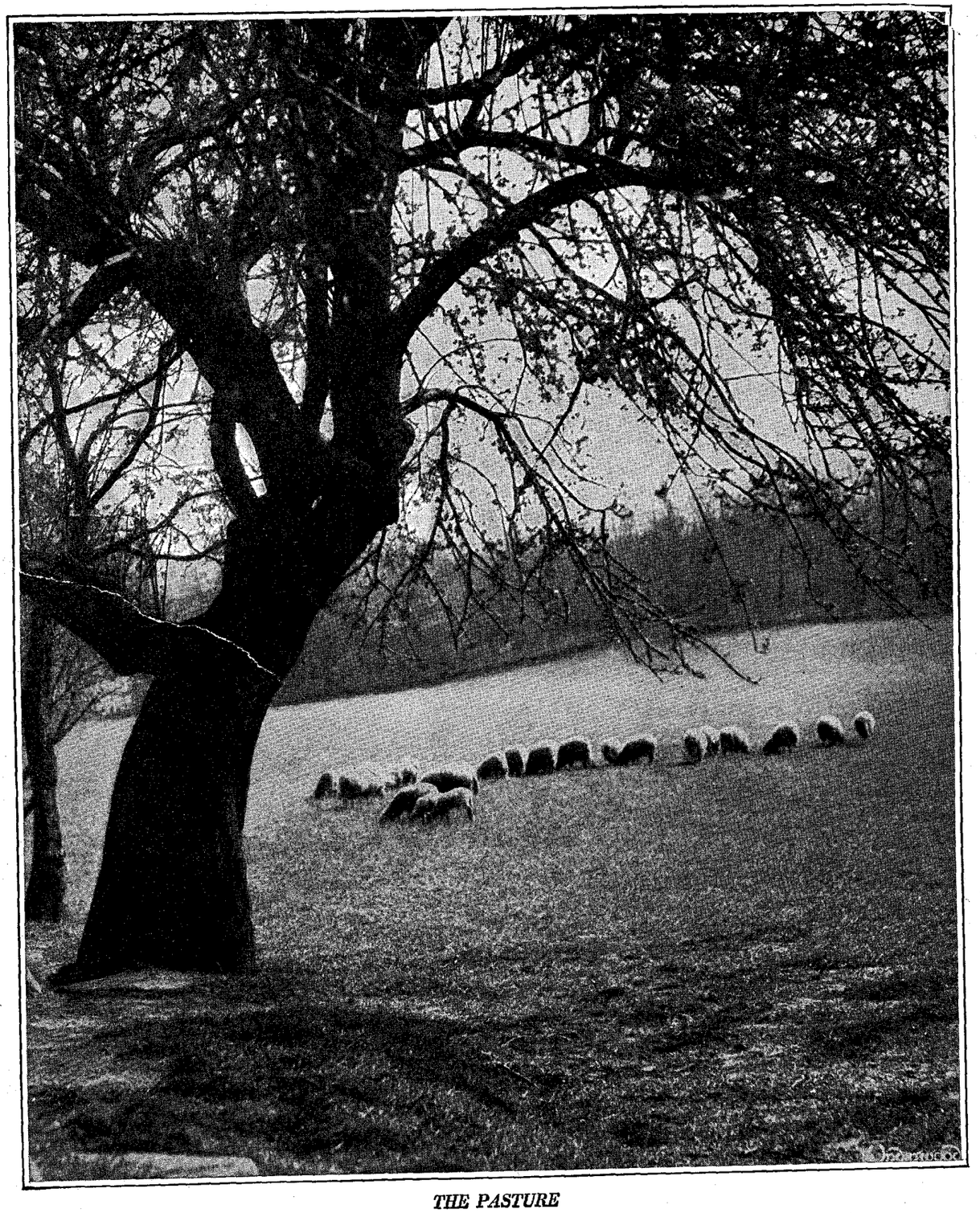

THE PASTURE

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The Outlook
August 29, 1928

Protestantism in Politics

By GEORGE W. HINMAN, Jr.

Four Southern Methodist bishops recently declared that they would put their Church into politics as a churchly duty. The writer of this spirited protest declares that the minister's lust for temporal power is the moving cause. He regards such developments as 'the real menace to the spiritual dominion of the Protestant Church in America to-day, even as it was in earlier days to the Church of Rome'.

THERE may be some argument as to whether the people of the United States of America are headed for heaven in the world to come; but there is no doubt as to the growing invasion of secular sovereignty by organized groups presuming to speak for the non-Catholic churches. The American people may view with pained astonishment the savage violence attending Mexico's avowed effort to win political freedom from the influence of the Roman Catholic Church; but they are tolerating in their own country an outspoken usurpation of secular authority by self-appointed clerical leaders that completely eclipses anything of its kind in modern history.

We all are accustomed to hearing indignant allegations that the Pope at Rome is a menace to American political institutions. The raising of the so-called religious issue in domestic politics is a common occurrence. It has disrupted great political gatherings and ruined many a political ambition. The Roman Catholic Church, clergy and laymen, is a frequent target for the accusation that it is attempting to exercise undue influence over the temporal affairs of the American people; and it is ever ready with emphatic denials of any such aspiration.

Yet all the while that the Church of Rome is entering its denials we of the Protestant faith look on more or less complacently as the non-Catholic religious groups through well-financed organizations avow openly their determination to compel the secular authority "to choose Christian ends." These self-appointed spokesmen for our faith never hesitate to voice their demands in our name in the public prints and to boast of their achievements in influencing public officials on purely secular matters.

WHATEVER the merits of the prohibition controversy, there is no doubt that the Protestant clergy's first real taste of the apple of temporal dominion came in the campaign to prevent the consumption of alcoholic beverages by the American people. In that battle the Anti-Saloon League reared its brazen head on high as "specifically the authorized interdenominational agency of numerous church bodies" to take charge of the enactment and enforcement of national prohibition. Other Protestant church groups, through committees, conferences, and general sessions, joined in the campaign. Today we take it for granted that the self-styled spokesmen for Protestantism and their hirelings—some of them members of Congress paid by the Anti-Saloon League—will presume to speak for Christianity on all matters affecting prohibition enforcement.

Their appetite for temporal sway whetted by conquests in prohibition, these worldly church groups lust for still wider dominion. Politicians great and small have cringed before them, bartering honor for political support. Let them continue to cringe. President and peon, Senator and stool-pigeon, have enlisted in the army of their worldly empire. Let them continue to serve. Simultaneously with the climax in the fight to achieve national prohibition, there stepped into the political foreground a new church agency, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, with an avowed program for compelling the state "to choose Christian ends." Recognizing, to use its own words, the "conflict between loyalty to Christ and loyalty to State," this non-Catholic alliance demands of the Christian that he "bear his witness for the truth as he has found it in Christ," and then proceeds to tell him in terms of political dictation what that truth is. The heads of the alliance set themselves up as arbiters of temporal policy, and, presuming to speak in the name of 45,000,000 Protestant Christians, demand the acceptance of their worldly views by the secular authority of the nation.

Back in 1919, the Federal Council of Churches, claiming to "represent practically all the Protestant bodies in America," expressed "gratitude for the establishment of the League of Nations as agreed upon by the Paris Peace Conference" and pledged "support in securing its ratification by the Senate." Other Protestant groups joined raucously in the campaign. Yet the United States Senate, overwhelmingly Protestant, rejected the Covenant of the League, and the Protestant voters of the nation joined in rejecting the Presidential candidate, an Episcopalian, who stood for the League and its Presbyterian sponsor. These same Protestant voters helped elect to the Presidency a Baptist who, despite the temporal dictum of his Church through its clergy, denied the League. Yet, in the face of this repudiation of church dictation, we today find the self-anointed spokesmen of Protestant Christianity still proclaiming that "the time has come for America to become a full member of the League of Na-

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tions." Admitting that the time came in 1919, we are quite able to appreciate why the sincere foe of the League in the United States feels resentful that these self-created leaders seek to misuse the religious bond for purely political ends.

THIS instance of church effort to dictate the conduct of the nation's foreign affairs in the name of Christianity is not an isolated one, but is merely a typical case showing the practical application of the avowed determination that "the kingdom of God in the relations of nations must be established." In a tentative syllabus of topics to be discussed at a general interdenominational conference held under the auspices of the worldly church oligarchy—the circular itself, significantly enough, bearing the label, "For private circulation"—we find listed for consideration such international problems as these:

The virtual annexation of the little countries of the Caribbean under the ægis of the "Monroe Doctrine."

The proposal to remit in whole or in part the war debts of the Allies to the United States.

What duty, if any, have the churches of America regarding China's demands for tariff autonomy and the abolition of "unequal" treaties and "extra-territoriality"?

Have the churches of America any duty regarding the essential injustices of the Versailles Treaty, the alleged "sole guilt" of Germany for the war, and the "recognition" of Russia.

This same interdenominational conference proclaimed its temporal conclusion that "the United States should examine its historic policy known as the Monroe Doctrine, and seek, in cooperation with other American peoples, such a restatement of this policy as will make it a ground of good will between the United States and Latin America."

BISHOP MOUZON

Another set of topics listed for church consideration and action in this tentative syllabus "for private circulation" included:

The proposal to make Hawaii the most powerful naval base in the world.

The proposal to build great naval bases at San Diego, San Francisco, and Puget Sound.

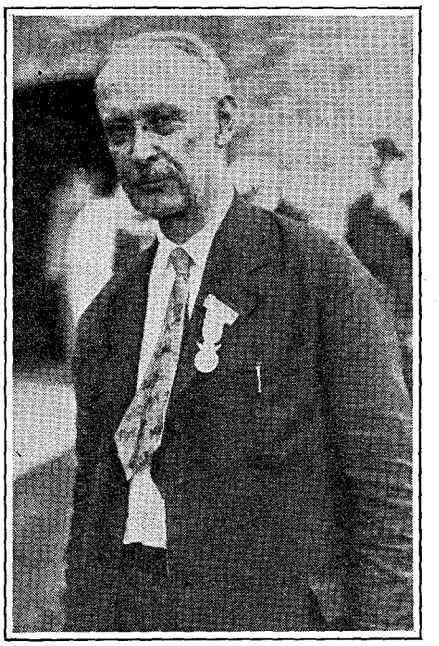
The proposal of the Army to increase by 10,000 the number of trained soldiers regularly located in the Hawaiian Islands.

The activities of the Army and Navy in training the students of our colleges, universities, and high schools by means of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the Citizens' Military Training Camps.

Having considered these topics, the church conference in its worldly wisdom concluded that "plans for military expansion and increased expenditures in the Pacific are needless." The President, the Congress, the Army, and the Navy apparently were to be taken in hand by the church and compelled to accept its "Christian guidance" in the technicalities of national defense.

The Protestant church groups openly fought the cruise of the United States Fleet to Australia, and followed that up with systematic opposition to naval building programs. They voiced their opposition to the Universal Draft Bill, sending representatives to place their views before the Senatorial committee considering the measure already approved by the military authorities and the American Legion. One interdenominational agency, meeting under the auspices of the Protestant oligarchy, saw fit to "deplore and regard as unnecessary the proposed organization of industry under the Government in preparation for possible war." In brief, the Church would dictate the manner in which the man-power and industrial resources of the Republic should be prepared to meet the urgent demands of a great national emergency.

NOT only would the church oligarchy dominate our program for defense against foreign aggression, but it even would deny to the secular authorities



BISHOP JAMES CANNON

the right to protect us from those whom we do not desire as residents of our country. Immigration is essentially a worldly problem, peculiar to the United States and the other American republics. Yet when the United States Congress sought to exclude from the country "aliens ineligible for citizenship," the Federal Councils of Churches —remember, it presumes to speak for 45,000,000 Protestant churchmen— demanded that the Senate and the House of Representatives recant. Even after the Congress, with the aid of its Protestant membership, had defied this attempted dictation, the Church persisted in its policy of interference. A spokesman for the Federal Council publicly pledged a foreign ambassador its influence "to alter this situation," and expressed to the ambassador the apologetic belief "that the delicate question would not have eventuated as it did if there had been more time for the churches to influence public opinion." In other words, this self-anointed temporal spokesman for Protestantism took it upon himself to apologize for his country to the official emissary of a foreign government.

These are some of the aspects of the Protestant Church campaign to "Christianize the state;" but there are other and just as significant aspects in the social, industrial, and educational fields. The Northern Baptist Convention urged the churches to interest themselves in "movements seeking to improve the standard of labor." Trans-

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lating the Christian ideal "into industry and economic relationship," the Commission on Social Service of the Congregational churches recognizes that "the unlimited right to private ownership is unchristian," insists upon "a frank abandonment of all efforts to secure unearned income," and demands "recognition of the right of labor to a fair share in management."

Other Congregational ideas are "the supremacy of service rather than a profit motive in the acquisition and use of property" and "adequate accident, sickness, and unemployment insurance, together with suitable provision for old age." A twelve-page Congregational pamphlet entitled "The Church in Social Action" lists for especial attention such matters as "the status of the farmer, hours and conditions of women's work, anti-syndicalism laws, open-shop drives, the co-operative movement," and "union recognition and collective bargaining."

It goes without saying that the Federal Council of Churches, that superagency of Protestant temporalism, has much to say and to do with reference to social, industrial, and educational matters. It found "what is wrong with the coal industry." It studied "the ethical aspects of the controversy between the Western Maryland Railroad and its striking employees." It takes advantage of each and every opening. Proclaiming that "the technique of co-operation should be developed and applied increasingly to the immediate problems of industry and to far-reaching re-constructions of the social order," the Council is determined that the Church shall bring to pass "the reign of human equity and brotherhood in industry." One essential question is, "What reorganization of industry is desirable in order to give to young people those ideas of responsibility, good will, and co-operative service which make for international peace"? Such matters as "investments in backward countries" and "monopolistic control of raw materials essential to modern industry and economic welfare" are noted particularly for church consideration.

BISHOP H. M. DU BOSE

WHITHER do these worldly aspirations of the Protestant Church oligarchy inevitably lead? One answer is found right here in connection with the Church's industrial overlordship. We hear the President of the American Federation of Labor in one breath rejoicing in the "greater degree of confidence and understanding between the Church and Labor," and in the next asserting "that there must be questions of policy and matters of principle upon which the organized labor movement and the Church may conscientiously and honestly disagree."

Why? In God's name, why? Why should the Church and Labor "conscientiously and honestly disagree" upon any question of policy or matter of principle? What controversial issues are theirs legitimately in common? Not one—not a single one. The Church has no more right to interfere in the controversy between the Western Maryland Railroad and its striking employees than the American Federation of Labor has to rewrite the Lord's Prayer. The Church has no more right to oppose "open-shop drives" than the United States Steel Corporation has to denounce the Apostles' Creed.

The whole program of temporal domination by the Protestant Church is utterly preposterous. Is a layman's Christianity to be challenged because he defies the dictation of his clergyman in secular matters? Is there not a marked distinction between the pastor who prays that the secular authority may be granted divine guidance and the pastor who presumes to give that guidance in the name of the Church? Has God chosen the Protestant clergy as the burning bush out of which to speak to his people on matters temporal?

The political spokesmen of Methodism, for example, opposed a certain Methodist layman who was running for the United States Senate. He beat them to a frazzle. Was he any worse a Methodist because of his Church's political opposition? Were the thousands of his fellow-Methodists who marked their ballots for him any worse Christians by reason of defying the temporal demands of self-appointed clerical spokesmen? Such instances may be cited without number. They cover the fields of prohibition, international relations, national defense, immigration, industry, social welfare, education. They combine to demonstrate conclusively that the laity of the Protestant Church are unwilling to accept the dictation of a clerical oligarchy in temporal matters. He who would remain a man of God can not play the role of a political agitator.

When the people of the United States resolved "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty" to themselves and to us, their posterity, they did not set up a Church. No, they ordained and established a "Constitution for the United States of America," and that Constitution provided a secular government, the oldest of its kind in the civilized world today.

The articles of the Constitution are concerned with the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial branches of the Government. There is no mention

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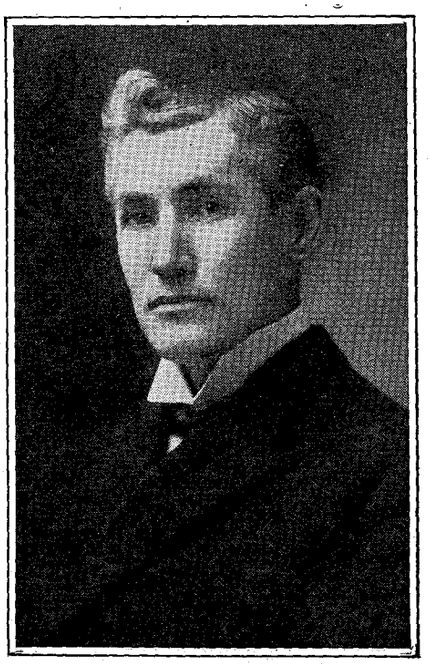

BISHOP J. M. MOORE

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Birth Control and the Law

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

A curious state of affairs is revealed in this article. Birth control is not accepted in theory in this country, whatever the practice, yet twenty-seven states and the District of Columbia do not mention prevention of conception in their statutes, and only six or seven states have legislation that keeps a physician from giving contraceptive advice as freely as his judgment dictates. Miss Smith considers the obvious contradiction.

VISITORS to New York are sometimes shocked at seeing a middle-aged female standing on a street corner and peddling a magazine brazenly labelled "Birth Control Review." The simpler sightseer, shuddering at this tangible evidence of wickedness in the big city, looks to see the police officer directing traffic at the nearest corner rush over and take her into custody. The more sophisticated one merely reflects that the magazine has probably been barred from the mails.

They are both wrong. The "Birth Control Review" is not only harmless; it is within the law of both state and nation, and the reason it is hawked about the streets in New York is that the news stands refuse to handle it. The large news companies are terribly sensitive about the appearance of what somebody might think is evil; the small dealers are not sensitive, but have been bluffed by threats of prosecution from Roman Catholic devotees. So this innocuous journal, which is full of appeals, statistics and little poems about motherhood, suffers all the discomforts of pariahdom, without being illegal at all.

The affair is quite typical of the hush-hush and the superstitious fears which befog the whole question of birth control. When people have been practising family limitation for two generations, as we all know they have, why is it so difficult for them to go one step farther and frankly accept the fact? And why are not physicians giving contraceptive information openly to married persons, as well as secretly, and why are they not giving it to the poor as well as to the rich? The answer of ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would be that of course such a procedure would be flying in the face of the law; and beside that they seem to feel it is fraught with strange terrors which make it dangerous even to discuss.

Psycho-analyzing this curious state of mind is a tempting pastime, but it has no place in this article, which is concerned with the question of legality. The fact of the matter is that twenty-seven states and the District of Columbia do not even mention prevention of conception on their statute books. And only six or seven states out of the forty-eight have legislation that keeps a physician from giving contraceptive advice to patients as freely as his judgment dictates.

This is hard enough to believe, but it is less than half the story which a little investigation reveals. Here and there, in different parts of the country, birth control clinics are quietly appearing. They seldom invite trouble by giving themselves that name. They do not broadcast their existence anyway, a fact which is dictated partly by discretion and partly by law, as I shall later explain. But they do give advice to married women from all walks of life, on grounds of health or economic limitations. The hospitals and public health authorities seldom have anything to do with these clinics. They are organized, sometimes by physicians, sometimes by lay groups, but always with medical men in charge, and always with a large percentage of their service rendered free.

That being the case, one wonders all the more why there is so much fuss and fever about birth control. Why isn't it simply a matter of course in all states except the few which prohibit it, and why do not Mrs. Sanger and her fellow propagandists confine their efforts to those states? For the ultimate solution, as I have already hinted, one must delve into the mysteries of mob psychology. But at least there are two definite fixation points for the terror of the crowd. The first is the federal law barring contraceptive information and material from the mails, which throws a cloud of opprobrium over the issue even in states which have no laws of their own against it.

This statute is a monument to the late Anthony Comstock, whose diligence put it over in 1873, and whose ideas of morality it still imposes on the nation. For poisonous efficiency it is a pattern to all blue-law makers; it does all but make the word "contraception" contraband. It declares that "every article or thing designed, adapted, or intended for preventing conception—and every article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine, or thing *which is advertised or described in a manner calculated to lead another* to use or apply it for preventing conception" is non-mailable—the italics are mine. And it reinforces this with the provision that "every written or printed card, letter, circular, book, pamphlet, *or notice of any kind* giving information *directly or indirectly*" how such articles may be obtained or conception prevented is likewise proscribed with a possible penalty of $5000 fine or five years in jail or both.

Mr. Comstock admitted of no exceptions. His law applies to standard medical works and periodicals, as well as to pornographic advertising, although I am told that in practice the postmaster general and the attorney general use a certain amount of discretion. It even deters one doctor from answering the questions of another doctor by mail. A later law extends the taboo to imports and interstate commerce, specifying deposit of the contraband goods with "any express company or other common carrier." Not content with which, latter-day Comstocks are already bestirring themselves in Washington trying to get airplanes included by name.

Beyond the influence of the federal statute, one discerns a second reason for the coolness toward the birth control movement and this is the absence or ambiguity of judicial precedent regarding it. For example, the American Birth Control League a short time ago was thinking of starting one of its clinics in a city of northern New Jersey. This state has a peculiar law which prohibits the supplying of contraceptives *"without just cause."* An emissary of the Birth Control League went

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in turn to two lawyers to ask if this didn't authorize them to advise women in poor health, and women who couldn't afford more children.

The first lawyer said, "Go right ahead. Under that law they can't stop you." The second, an older man, shook his head solemnly. "If you try it you'll land in jail," he said. "If you committed a murder in this county I could get you off, but I doubt if I could do it if you opened a birth control clinic." The reason he gave was that the county judiciary was Roman Catholic, and so was the prevailing make-up of the juries.

The clinic has been open some weeks, however, and its sponsors are still waiting to be arrested.

In the states where prevention of conception is mentioned at all in the penal code, with a few exceptions it comes under the obscenity law, where it is lumped with indecent postcards and "obscene, lewd, lascivious, or filthy" books. This is also true of the federal statute, which I quoted only in fragments. Even to the die-hard opponents of birth control, it must be apparent that only a few of these enactments were framed in anticipation of medical advice soberly given to respectable married persons by honest physicians. Judicial decisions with any bearing on such cases, therefore, are few and inconclusive.

As a practical matter it has proved very difficult for any organization like the American Birth Control League to survey the whole forty-eight states and dig out all these decisions. They have not had the means and the equipment, and no one else has had the interest. But of course it is perfectly possible to tabulate the legislative enactments of the various states; bearing in mind, however, that one cannot always guess what a statute means, lacking judicial interpretation. But the following is, approximately, the situation:

Four states, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Kansas and Mississippi, absolutely prohibit the distribution of contraceptive articles and the publication of information. This, in legal theory, keeps physicians from prescribing contraceptive measures for their patients.

Five states express themselves just as severely, but give a blanket exemption to practitioners of medicine. They are Colorado, Wyoming, Ohio, Iowa and Missouri.

New York and Minnesota are more guarded; they allow physicians to prescribe contraceptive measures, but only for therapeutic reasons.

Seven states, Arizona, Washington, Montana, Idaho, California, Michigan and Maine, prohibit the publishing or advertising of contraceptive information, but stop there. Such laws were obviously aimed at a certain type of indecent circular and advertisement, and do not hinder a physician from giving any advice which suits his conscience, so long as he does not proclaim the fact in print.

Connecticut has rather a naïve law which enjoins the *use* of contraceptives, and is difficult of enforcement. New Jersey I have already referred to.

The rest don't mention the subject at all.

Still, birth control has anything but plain sailing even in these states. In Illinois, which is one of them, the local Malthusians had to resort to court action before they could open a clinic at all. Mayor Dever and his health commissioner refused to license it, on the ground that it was against public policy and tended to corrupt morals. The courts overruled them, however; the clinic was opened about 1923, and has been followed by six more in the same city. I take pains not to mention the name of the city, much less the address of these or any of the other clinics of which I shall speak in the course of this discussion, because to do so might land me and the editors of The Outlook in jail. Defining the location of clinics can be interpreted as giving information "indirectly" how conception may be prevented, which is contrary to the federal law.

Whether or not birth control would be so easily vindicated elsewhere as it was in Illinois is a matter of conjecture. Twenty-eight states may neglect to specify it in their penal codes, but all but two have obscenity laws of one sort or another. And no one can say in advance when a judge is going to see corruption of public morals in such a clinic. Even in North Carolina and New Mexico, which get along without benefit of obscenity statutes, a judge who felt so inclined might suppress contraceptive information as a public nuisance, under the federal precedent.

All of which has not prevented groups of citizens from making the attempt, in no less than six states to date. So far, except for Mrs. Sanger and some of her associates who were jailed in New York in 1916, they have all kept out of the workhouse; a point which is not without its significance.

As for the clinics themselves, besides those in New Jersey and Illinois, there is one in Maryland where there is no birth control law. It is run by a group of Johns Hopkins physicians, although it has no connection with that institution. Michigan has one run by a Jewish social welfare society; Ohio has one which is also run by a lay group, and two or three cities in California have them. One of these is actually operated by the county health authorities, although it sticks rather closely to therapeutic indications. Most of the other clinics of course give information freely to married women, especially in cases where poverty makes large families most undesirable.

New York State is a story in itself. For years it had a very rigid law, which Mrs. Sanger flouted in 1916 by opening a clinic. For this she served thirty days in the workhouse, but then she appealed, and two years later the Court of Appeals upheld the right of physicians to give birth control advice to married persons "for the cure or prevention of disease."

Following this decision, which was later incorporated in the statute, several things happened. One was that Mrs. Sanger and her cohorts, now officially the American Birth Control League, again opened a clinic, or rather a "clinical research department,"—a euphemism required by a local licensing difficulty. Another result was that a group of physicians banded together to study problems of birth control, fertility and sterility, which interests they veiled behind the disarming title of the Committee on Maternal Health. Largely through their efforts, a few hospital clinics have been induced to give contraceptive information, after a fashion. That is, they will vouchsafe the necessary particulars to a woman who is in such a physical condition that another pregnancy will kill her.

The Birth Control Leaguers, however, in their "clinical research department," interpret "for the cure or prevention of disease," more liberally. They give the advice when they meet with conditions of anaemia, undernourishment, gynecological troubles or other physical unfitness for the grave task of having a baby. As a result, the hospitals in five years have advised about two hundred women; the Birth Control League's clinic last year advised over 4500.

In Minnesota, too, a few hospital clinics give advice, under a law similar

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Our Stammering State Department

By JOHN CARTER

The responsive relationship of the Cabinet to the English Parliament is missing at Washington; a serious defect, most authorities agree, in our system of government. Least in touch with Congress and with public opinion, Mr. Carter declares, is the ranking division of our Cabinet.

THE State Department is today the most unpopular and most misunderstood Governmental agency in the United States. It is almost entirely out of touch with public opinion and almost entirely deprived of popular support. Hardly an event of international magnitude, scarcely a course of political action adopted by our Government in its foreign relations, but has brought down upon the Department of State an avalanche of hostile, captious, ignorant, and persistent criticism. Its policy on the Mexican land and mining legislation, its policy towards Nicaragua, its policy at the tripartite Naval Conference at Geneva —to mention only three instances— has, in every case, been subjected to a storm of objection and reproof.

For this condition the Department of State is, in large part, itself responsible. Not entirely so, because alone of Governmental bureaus it is charged with the delicate task of negotiation. Even with the greatest good will in the world for open diplomacy, it could not in honor or good faith to other nations expose every stage in a protracted and important controversy or adjustment of interests. Pitiless publicity is an excellent slogan, but until it is adopted in private business and industrial negotiation it little becomes the public to insist upon it in foreign relations.

The State Department is, then, not entirely responsible for its secretiveness. It is, however, largely to blame for the manner in which it keeps its own and others' secrets. Sweet are the uses of publicity, but the Department is seemingly unaware of them. When called upon for information, explanation, or exposition on any of its policies, it stutters and stammers and generally ends by drawing a spurious veil of "incompatibility with the public interest" over its peculiar affairs.

The result is that the Department of State is consistently misrepresented and maligned. No crueler misconception, for example, has ever been current than the backwoods belief that the diplomatic service is the last refuge for Harvard sissies and rich incompetents. It is cruel, because there is a sting of truth in it. The type of wealthy young man who feels the need for a social distinction which his money alone cannot confer among decent people does tend to seek it in the Service. There *is* a small social clique in the Department who play favorites, lick boots and curry preferment on the strength of their family and educational ties. But it is a misconception, because the Congress which persistently refuses to pay decent salaries to diplomats has left little option to poor and able men save to keep out of the service, and because the vast bulk of the State Department personnel conducts our foreign relations without reference to the Social Register or Bradstreet.

The real difficulty is the inadequacy of the present system of contacts between the Department and the American people. There are three avenues in which intimate relations should exist: towards the press, towards Congress, and towards the general public. In only one of these is there any effort made to secure publicity.

THE attitude of the Department towards the Senate and House Foreign Relations Committees is one of suspicion and superiority. It plumes itself on the fact that, alone of executive departments, it submits no report to Congress. But from John Hay down —to go no farther back in history—it has actively resented the Senate's consultative and deliberative rôle in foreign affairs and its open contempt for Congressmen has militated against its efforts to obtain adequate appropriations. Assistant Secretary Wilbur J. Carr today serves as a sort of unofficial lobbyist and liaison officer between the Department and Congress, but his rôle is dependent on his own personality and does not solve the question of harmonious relations with Congress. Congress feels that the State Department is interested only in what it can get out of the legislative branch of the Government, and for any positive information on the Department's conduct of American foreign relations it is forced to call for documents and to summon officials to testify before committees, with the result that, being placed on the defensive, the Department discloses as little as it can.

Towards the people at large the Department's attitude is even more secretive. Thousands of letters pour in from all quarters of the country, requesting information on every conceivable branch of our foreign affairs. Many of these, obviously, cannot be freely answered, as the information they demand is held confidential. Towards many others, however, the Department is equally reserved. It contents itself with a bare acknowledgement which amounts to a snub wherever it detects or thinks it detects a particle of bias in the inquirer. That this is neither candid on the part of the officials nor wholesome with respect to public opinion is obvious.

Towards the press the Department is more hospitable, but here, too, it is open to strong criticism. The system of press conferences with the Secretary is maintained, but under Mr. Kellogg they are said to be almost a farce. To question after question the answer is, "I don't know," "I can't answer that question." or some similar evasion. The Division of Current Information is supposed to handle the run of routine departmental news, but for any matter of moment permission has to be received from an Assistant Secretary, which naturally detracts from the prestige and authority of the one division of the Department responsible for publicity. For the rest, any inquiry is buried under pages on pages of mimeographed sheets until the correspondent in search of the few pertinent facts is compelled to go direct to a division head or to the Secretary of State.

The result of this situation is that our foreign policies have few friends in Congress, little support from the press or public, and almost no sympathy abroad. And nothing is done about it, unless one excepts a few pathetic complaints by the President and in Congress regarding the necessity of our newspapers to support American policies or openly to avow their foreign connections. Now the State Department does not need propagandists; it does not need apologists; it does not

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Ten-Fingered Hobby

By GEORGE NEWELL
as told to
E. C. BOYKIN

Men sometimes find salvation, so to speak, in a pursuit far removed from the main means of livelihood. Some have found their real bent in a hobby; at the least it offers the occasional escape that psychology recognizes as a human necessity. Mr. Newell finds his release at the piano.

MEMORIES of "Millie, practice your piano lesson!" are still fresh to those of us of the mauve, or pre-mauve decade. The perennial meanderings of perfunctory fingers through the black and white mazes, have not lost their unsavory taste. A few of us were more fortunate in having a sympathetic teacher who by fortuitous accident or intention (I know not which) believed music to be a pleasure in itself; who was little concerned with the potential social value it possessed in the eyes of Millie's mother.

Throughout the tottering period of my early life was a sullen picture of my older sister cultivating this lady-like asset with much saccharine assistance from "The Lily of The Valley" Waltz and many dusty scales. And for years, aside from the brassy joy of an occasional circus band, this was my conception of music in general and piano playing in particular.

Then as I left the "London Bridge is Falling" age, graduating into the higher stratum of "one old cat," the horrors of these piano playing catacombs were visited upon me in person.

The benison of modern progressive education was, then, still but a feeble note. My protestations were blanched in the prophetic light of Mother's: "But it will mean so much to you some day. A boy who can play the piano is popular everywhere."

True, many of Montessori's and Pestalozzi's tasty ideas were current in child education circles. But they had not scaled the Chinese wall of "it must be done, so!" that encircled the realms of piano pedagogy. One did not begin by playing a piece in those days—indeed not!

Hence, resentment—hot and smoking—was my only reaction to my piano lessons. And still, I truly loved music,—in fact I actually grew up to be something of a composer. Fancy! and yet the first years at the hands of my piano teacher were as a bleak musical Labrador.

I have since met many men and women who share my hobby; to whom piano playing is a scarlet zest. And I find, in exchanging reminiscences, that the obtuseness of my boyhood piano teacher was not unique. How so many of us survived at all, speaks well for the hardihood of the art of piano playing.

I doubt though, if I had ever come to see any good in it, were it not for the propitious appearance, in town, of a new piano teacher. For at the time of his advent Miss R—— had grown to be a relentless ogre; an ogre to be avoided and thwarted at all costs.

A change to another teacher was therefore deemed wise, my mother making the necessary arrangements.

My first meeting with Mr. S—— was an astonishment.

His greeting lacked that oily unction with which I had come to associate all teachers. Too, he made no allusion to my being "a little man." Miss R—— had been in the frequent, quasi-diplomatic habit of using this phrase to preclude any particularly bitter assignment. And to the thorough bewilderment of my twelve year old self, he made scant reference to the actual subject of my visit. Instead, he became genuinely interested in the then popular hobbly of mine and my playmates.

I know his interest was authentic because it was a truly remarkable hobby: Collecting empty tobacco cans! I proudly told him how I had two of our best laundry tubs full and was even then negotiating for the exchange of three rare foreign tins (two English and one Swedish) for a further half-tub of domestic containers.

How shrewd must have been his discernment to conceive the transmutation of this boyish hobby into the manly one of playing the piano. And in the light of many countless hours of joyful comradeship that the latter has brought me, I am deeply grateful to this emissary of the keyboard.

I hardly know how it happened, so subtle were his methods. But my teens were only two years begun, when I found piano playing becoming a major pleasure in my life. And while some of the necessary drudgery bored, the end in view was always attractive. All former irritations of the practice hour were lost.

Now comes one of the colored milestones of my life. The Shakespearean Company of Sothern and Marlowe were performing at the local theatre. The attraction called for by my ticket was Romeo and Juliet. Up to this time my literary soul had fed on "Les Miserables" and the strident fiction of G. A. Henty. The reading of the first was strictly confined to the "action spots" of the story! So while much of the love interest in the Shakespearean play I dismissed with adolescent scorn, there was plenty of romance and color to intrigue me.

I returned from this performance living in a new and lovely cloud. And when I some days later discovered that I possessed sufficient reading technique to play some of the incidental music of Romeo and Juliet—albeit in a vague and limping manner—there was no compassing my elation.

The enthusiasm with which I broke the news to my mother must more than have repaid her for the valiant efforts she had made to give me this experience.

"Gee, Mom!" I exclaimed, "It's a hundred times more fun than just reading a book."

So it was. And so it still is. For me life holds no thrill comparable to the one of sightreading, for the first time, some new piece of music; granting of course, that the music contains my particular kind of a thrill.

There were more milestones to follow this, of course, music becoming an absorbing interest second only to the preparation for college and my profession.

I recall with poignancy the first lonesome days of my freshmanship at the University. The buildings and grounds which are today so friendly were then strange and forbidding things.

I had rented from the local music store a piano. It was an upright of ancient vintage but to me one of jewel like qualities. As a cat finds comfort in the strange, new house, by seeking the familiar lair under the stove, so did

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A Dionysian in Concord

By GORHAM B. MUNSON

THE most precious bequest of the nineteenth century to the twentieth is the Dionysian spirit which incarnated in a few of its great men. In Europe Friedrich Nietzsche was the last Dionysian of that century, and it was he who formulated most explicitly the rôle that Dionysus was to play in modern life. In America the greatest and purest Dionysian was Henry David Thoreau.

One may see from this coupling of names that the spirit of Dianysus manifests itself quite apart from genius, for Nietzsche had philosophic and esthetic genius and was both excessive and defective in that striking manner that characterizes genius, whereas Thoreau had no genius but throve by cultivating the rarely developed faculty of commonsense. Precisely because of his lack of genius in any given direction and because of his diligence in blending and using all his resources so as to make the most of them, Thoreau comes very close to those who seek an imitable practiser of the Good Life. Accident, as it does in the case of every genius, played so peculiar a hand in dealing out the ingredients and contents of Nietzsche's psychology that he is inimitable: he can only be cartooned as he has been by the majority of his disciples. But Nature and Society composed Thoreau in a more nearly normal mold, and the result is that one may fairly argue for him as a sound "working model for high education," despite the fact that Henry Adams, who scanned American literature for one, entirely missed seeing him.

The word, normal, has just been used, and yet one usually hears Thoreau spoken of as a great eccentric. This is as he appears to average sense, but average sense, which unreflectively strikes at an approximate mean between the hazy extremes of ordinary experience, is itself eccentric when related to the active quality of commonsense. Thoreau is a touchstone for revealing the average and the normal in mankind, and the two, when so tested, turn out to be completely opposed. It then appears that average human psychology is crazed and Thoreau himself, far from being an eccentric, glows with the inner light of sanity. No less an issue than the conflict here suggested is raised by his writings.

One may dramatize the issue as the Greek tragedians, according to Nietzsche's analysis, presented it. Average sense is enlisted in the service of Apollo, while Thoreau fought for the invading god, Dionysus. The Apollans of the nineteenth century stood for law, for social duty, for custom, for science, and for art: the Dionysians stood for liberty, for love, for experiment, for intuition, and for inspiration. "Thus," A. R. Orage, the English critic wrote, "Apollo stands for Form as against Dionysus for Life; for Matter as against Energy; for the Human as against the Superhuman." In a phrase, this is the struggle of form against formability, and one may make an ideal of either. The criticism that James Russell Lowell directed at Thoreau is Apollan. Lowell spoke of Thoreau's "intellectual selfishness," said that he was "not a strong thinker, but a sensitive feeler," that he had "not a healthy mind," and that "communion with nature had made him cynical." In fact, most of the criticism of Thoreau has been Apollan—or one-sided. Does one, once again, have to make much of the tendency to treat him solely as a naturalist or a romantic retriever of the "simple life" or an anarchist? To our grounds for praise, then! What is the attitude and the practise of the Dionysian life as given in the pages of Thoreau and in what measure did he succeed in achieving formability of his energies?

Thoreau addressed himself to readers who like to make application to themselves of such portions of text as seem to fit their cases. They are not numerous, these practical readers, but it is doubtful if Thoreau's thought will fully yield itself to any other kind. For example, Thoreau offers an extensive definite and very forceful criticism of the human race. This is matter for pondering, and pondering will lead us to the formulation of our own criticism of mankind. Dare we honestly—in the light of the criticisms of other people which we are always uttering, those criticisms that give point to gossip, substance to professional shop-talk, and reason to reform movements—dare we then to brush away casually the conclusions of Thoreau on the actual state of human beings?

These criticisms are more concentrated in the opening chapter of "Walden" than elsewhere, and the first one is conveyed in the amused remark that "I have traveled a good deal in Concord; and everywhere, in shops, and offices, and fields, the inhabitants have appeared to me to be doing penance in a thousand remarkable ways." It is curious that most of our resolutions, such as New Year's vows, are penitential in character. But why is it that we do not make resolutions to do things that we would really like to perform, but for one reason or another let ourselves be continually put off? But Thoreau cuts deeper than just an observation of a peculiar trait of our psychology. With a smile, he invites us to consider the possibility that there is actually something a little odd about the lives we lead.

What is the nature of this oddity? Thoreau's tone changes to seriousness. Men are the serfs of things, and he makes this charge memorable by means of an unusual figure. "How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and wood-lot!" Attachment to the machinery of existence rather than devotion to the aim of living, subjection to the business of making a living rather than the advantageous use of our lives —that is our oddity and our penance on earth.

In fact, "men labor under a mistake" and "it is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before." Why? One reflects that indubitably man is on a journey from the womb to the tomb. Indubitably, he is ignorant of the situation in which he has been placed. Indubitably, he strives not to remove his ignorance but to accumulate corruptible treasures, those knick-knacks of learning, baubles of pleasure, accounts in banks that dissolve into insubstantiality before the contemplated fact of death. One invokes the testimony of aged people: their quavering reports that they have missed their road, that their lives have

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been misspent, that they should have concerned themselves not with a phantasmagoria but with reality. "Men labor under a mistake," Thoreau said flatly and then rose to eloquent reproach. "It is very evident what mean and sneaking lives many of you live, for my sight has been whetted by experience."

There is no grandeur, one has to concede, about the mistakes of mankind, nor can we at least pretend to be the Merry Andrews of the cosmos. No, considering what things we are anxious about, what things we fear, and they are scored into our consciousness by Thoreau, we are too petty and squalid for the rôle even of a clown. The criticism of Thoreau denies dignity to men. "Talk of divinity in man! Look at the teamster on the highway, wending to market by day or night; does any divinity stir within him? His highest duty to fodder and water his horses! What is his destiny to him compared with the shipping interests? Does he not drive for Squire Make-a-Stir? How godlike, how immortal, is he? See how he cowers and sneaks, how vaguely all the day he fears, not being immortal or divine, but the slave and prisoner of his own opinion of himself, a fame won by his own deeds."

It may be objected that Thoreau's critique of the human species is obvious. But that is just the strength of it! Any one who can be induced to give attention to such a subject must agree that human beings as a collective swarm are odd in their waks—that they pay great heed to things and little heed to the soul—that they are mistaken in their dissipation of energies on all objects except the main object, the discovery of the aim and meaning of their existence—that they are cowardly and subservient in spirit—and that they are tyrannized over by social opinion in the first place and by their own vain self-opinion in the second. But Thoreau realized the obvious: he felt the emotions proper to a perception of the truism that the human race is defective: and it is that which marks him off from most men. His criticism has both the weight of truth and the force of true human feeling over the facts as found.

Men have differed over the cause for racial defectiveness. The philosophers are likely to trace it to stupidity, the religious-minded to sin, the biologists to the environment, and so on. These speak as specialists, but Thoreau writes as a generalized human being. On frosty days he had beheld snakes lying numb or partially numb in the roadway and on one occasion he saw a striped snake glide into Walden Pond and lie still on the bottom: "perhaps because he had not fairly come out of the torpid state. It appeared to me that for a like reason men remain in their present low and primitive condition." Torpor! That is the trouble with us. We are not awake.

Torpidity as the essence of an indictment of mankind is exceptionally interesting, for it shifts the emphasis from the gifts of man, such as his intellect, his feelings, his practical abilities, to what should be the mainspring for these resources, whatever their degree may be. That mainspring is the capacity which exists in all of us to make effort. The key to the distinction of Thoreau as a human being is not so much in the quality of his gifts as in his devotion to effort-making. Having realized that something was wrong with mankind, himself included, he set to work to make at least himself "a worthy."

Here one has to grasp two principles that governed Thoreau's maturity: the principle of economy and the principle of experiment.

We all know that our lives represent a sum of energy expended. Where the energy comes from and how it is renewed in periods of rest is another matter: the fact is, that it fills and runs those vessels, our bodies, and that it is constantly expended on the objects of the world that impinge on our being.

Courtesy of N. Y. Public Library

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Barring sudden fatal accident, there comes a day when all our psychological money, our energy, is spent and then we die. Nor can we be penurious about our expenditure. Willy-nilly, the world takes its daily toll of our life.

Thoreau saw that, saw, too, that there was no choice about spending energy. Spend we must, but wasn't there a question of how? There he thought one had a choice. "The cost of a thing," he said, "is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." So his decision was to measure things not in the customary terms of social prestige or wealth or self-gratification, but so far as he could in terms of the basic currency, life itself, and he therefore tried to spend his life on the most advantageous bargain possible for himself.

But what were the advantages he sought? They are subsumed in his doctrine of wakefulness to which we shall presently come. For simply to resolve to spend energy wisely for the sake of increased consciousness is utterly insufficient: there must be a method for learning how to live more vividly. A method Thoreau found when he compared "learning by experience" with learning by experiment, for he discovered what apparently few men do, namely, that actually we never learn much by experience. The following passage explains his revolutionary conclusion.

"Practically, the old have no very important advice to give the young, their own experience has been so partial, and their lives have been such miserable failures, for private reasons, as they must believe, and it may be that they have some faith left which belies that experience, and they are only less young than they were. I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors. They have told me nothing, and probably cannot tell me anything to the purpose. Here is life, an experiment to a great extent untried by me; but it does not avail me that they have tried it."

As a matter of fact, there does seem to be a circular character to our experience. Habit takes us round and round again: we fall into the same type of "scrape" year after year: we entertain the same hopes and receive the same disappointments, yet we go on hoping in the identical way. If any man ever systematically tried to learn from

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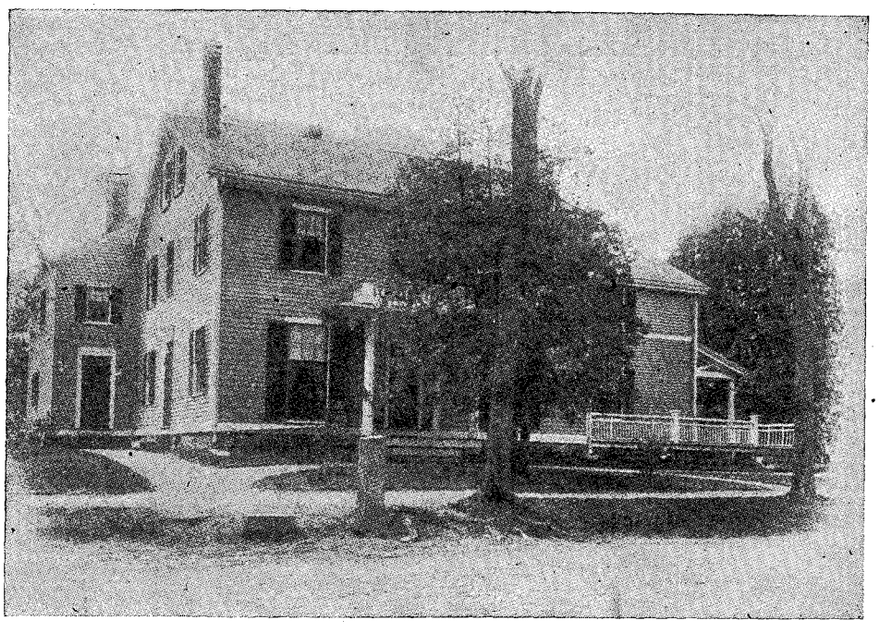

Courtesy of N. Y. Public Library

THOREAU'S HOME IN CONCORD

experience by reflection on it ("accidental education," he called it), it was Henry Adams, and the record he left is one of repeated failures culminating into a sense of tragic futilitarianism. Accident, it would seem, is not adaptable to our needs for self-education. All this Thoreau either observed or surmised, and his conclusion was, Break the circle, do the non-habitual thing, experiment.

In the face of the modern deterministic trend of psychology one cannot picture Thoreau as a free moral agent. Like the rest of us, he followed his nose: that is, he was dictated to by circumstance and the natural bents of his personality. Yet behaviorism is now beginning to stress the plastic character of the human mechanism, to point out that man can be trained into a much more wonderful being than contemporary specimens would lead one to conjecture. Thoreau was immersed in the great source-literature of our civilization—the classics and the scriptures of antiquity: and these profoundly modified and stimulated his behavior. Whether they were written by men who can be completely enmeshed in the net of mechanistic psychology now being spread by Pavlov, Watson and their colleagues is still an open question. It is still an open question whether man is forever debarred from any attainment of Will, and this question must remain open until a norm for human psychology is clearly proved. In the broad sense, life as an experiment means a struggle for self-emancipation or the acquisition of Will.

Thus it was with this tough-minded, ardent and intensely practical New Englander, Henry David Thoreau. He may have been compelled to do as he did, but his care was to infect his actions with the logic of experimentation. A person may enter a gymnasium for the purpose of discovering, measuring and increasing his physical powers. He will not therefore confine himself to exercise upon a single piece of apparatus, but engage in running, leaping, weight-lifting, acrobatics, calisthenics, and basketball. Similarly a gymnast of life would vary his occupations, testing and developing himself, if he can, toward a state of many-sidedness or psychological health.

Thoreau was a spiritual gymnast. The famous story of his manufacturing pencils until he produced the best possible pencil and then quitting the trade at once is a perfect illustration of the experimental life. For a time he taught school, and he left so deep a mark upon that profession that today one of our advanced educational experiments is named the Walden School. His sojourn of slightly over two years on Walden Pond he expressly referred to as an experiment: among other objects he learned from it the minimum amount of labor requisite to maintaining the body in fit health. He had intervals of farming, surveying, carpentry and whitewashing. He lectured a little and he wrote much. He assigned himself the extremely difficult task of noting all the natural phenomena of his environment. For each of these he found an experimental basis and from each of them—consider their variety from coarse manual toil to acute scientific observation—he preserved a modicum of aloofness, so that one cannot think of Thoreau as a specialist.

But these were experiments on a considerable scale. He was equally fertile in the devising of experiments for the passing minutes—exercises in non-habitual thought.

These—the love of experimentation, the highest regard for energy, the austere critique of the follies of man—are Dionysian traits. But when we consider the end in view, we must marvel again at the sharp cleavage between average sense and normality. The Apollan aims for success in some already actualized and given form, and had Thoreau been Apollan, he might have made a specialized career out of any one of a half dozen enterprizes he conducted at one period or another. But the Dionysian contends with the insuperable or the all but insuperable. He is a perfectionist in life. Only by the way does he practise an art, since all the time he is mainly engaged in learning *the* art of living itself.

Toward what impossible state of the soul did Thoreau labor? "I long ago," he writes poetically, "lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

The tantivy—to use a favorite word of Thoreau—of this chase was, Awake! Awake! He conceived the higher life in terms of wakefulness. Just as now we sleep and wake up into our ordinary daytime consciousness, might it not be possible to change and intensify that ordinary waking consciousness to another degree of wide awakeness? More life was the aim: Thoreau had seen enough of himself and other people to disrespect the sluggish flow of our present lives: hence, "moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep."

It would of course succeed that every passing moment was precious. This

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The World This Week

Dr. Butler Dissents

A LETTER to the editor of the "New York Times," rightly transferred to the first page, discloses Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler in a mood to break a long record of party loyalty.

The president of Columbia University is also president of the Carnegie Endowment Foundation for Universal Peace. His opposition to prohibition goes to the extreme demand of repeal of the 18th Amendment. He regards preparedness and prohibition as two of the three most important questions before the American people; and he is so dissatisfied with Mr. Hoover's treatment of them that he dissociates himself "publicly, quickly, and completely" with the Republican candidate's position.

"Mr. Hoover," he says, "dismisses with a few perfunctory remarks the truly remarkable treaty just now to be signed by ourselves and all the great powers of the earth, pledging renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, and chooses this moment to repeat that 'we must and shall maintain our naval defense . . . in the strength and efficiency which will yield to us at all times the primary assurance of liberty; that is of national safety.'

"Listen to this sentence: 'We must not only be just; we must be respected.' Is it not plain that the thought behind the word 'respected' would be more accurately expressed by the word 'feared'? What sort of mind and nature is it which can at this stage of the world's history deliberately find a basis for respect in force rather than in justice? Is not the just man, the just nation, respected? Are not Holland and Belgium, Switzerland and Denmark respected? Surely the repetition of this ancient and discarded doctrine will not be accepted by the masses of the Republican Party or the people."

Dr. Butler uses harsh words to describe the fate of Secretary Wilbur's program of naval construction. Public opinion rose and slew the "monster." It was "hacked to pieces" in the House of Representatives and thrown upon "the legislative garbage heap" by the Senate.

"That amazing proposal," he says, "was made in the interest of 'national security,' meaning thereby swagger, and it rested upon precisely the principle which Mr. Hoover now enunciates and accepts."

Coming to prohibition, Dr. Butler restates his belief that the 18th Amendment should be repealed because it is contradictory to the principles upon which our government rests and to the Constitution itself. He then examines Mr. Hoovers' definition of modification of the enforcement laws as nullification of the Constitution.

"As a matter of fact," he says, "the word 'nullification' should not be used to describe what is in Mr. Hoover's mind, for in American history it has a very precise and definite meaning as applied to the doctrine of Calhoun, which Andrew Jackson smashed with a heavy hand. The process and action which it is now fashionable to call nullification are the accepted and usual ways by which any free people, and particularly the American people, have gotten rid of laws that they did not like or that were offensive to their sense of justice and right. If it had not been for this treatment of the Fugitive Slave Law the Republican Party might never have been born.

"Any one who is opposed to the repeal of the 18th Amendment and who is also opposed to that process of statutory obsolescence that is now called nullification, must then be in favor of the only alternative, which is the continuance of the present reign of lawlessness, debauchery and Government-made crime. . . . The facts being what they are, to declare for law enforcement in respect to the 18th Amendment is to declare for continuous and organized assault, under official protection, upon the foundations of our government. It means what Mr. Justice Holmes . . . has properly called 'dirty business.'"

What he wishes to make plain, says Dr. Butler in conclusion, is that Mr. Hoover cannot commit him to any such doctrine or any such policies.

Dr. Butler's position seems so plain that, assuming satisfactory promises in Governor Smith's speech of acceptance, another important declaration may be expected from Morningside Heights.

Last of the Bosses

POLITICAL bossism as we have known it for something more than a generation ended with the death of George E. Brennan, the Democratic leader of Chicago. There remain alive two who have worn and deserved the title of boss—Vare, Republican, of Philadelphia, and Taggert, Democrat, of Indiana at large—but both are old and ill and both, before illness claimed them, had in large measure lost the power that so long was theirs.

At the end of the National Conventions this year, Brennan alone of all the bosses remained in apparently unimpaired vigor and power. Vare had got credit—much more than was due him—for turning a trick at Kansas City; but he was already discredited and, in the eyes of many, disgraced. Brennan, in what is reputed the wickedest of all our Sodoms, had kept his personal name reasonably clean. The only stigma upon it, so far as can now be recalled, was the acceptance of Insull money. Insull praying both "Good Lord" and "Good Devil," had contributed so much more largely to the campaign expenses of the Republican candidate, however, that his dole to Brennan was hardly noticed.

As bosses have gone, Brennan was, both in intelligence and character, well above the average of big city political chieftains. Not well educated, he was well enough educated that he had made an acceptable country school teacher. Even after he succeeded Roger Sullivan as Democratic boss of Chicago, he was still a student, eagerly trying to acquire those parts of a polite education which had been denied him in his youth. Thus bringing to bear upon the business of machine politics somewhat more of culture than was possessed by bosses such as Tweed and Croker and Murphy, he exceeded in some ways and fell short

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in other ways of what bosses of the other type were able to accomplish.

As has been the case with all big city bosses, makers of small officials, the height of Brennan's ambition was to be a President maker. He did not bring about the nomination of Alfred E. Smith or in any big way contribute to it—no city boss has ever played a really important part in the making of any President—but he did carry into and through the Houston convention more, perhaps, of genuine influence than any other city boss has ever had in a national gathering of any party.

He was friend, admirer, fellow champion of a cause with Smith. It was to be his part of the task of electing Smith to do in the Middle West what Smith's own organization could be depended upon to do in the East. For the first time in the history of our parties, a man the product of city machine politics was nominated for the Presidency and the greatest of the living bosses was to play a big part in bringing about his election.

Just as no successor could be found for Murphy, none will be found for Brennan. The politics of American cities has outgrown that phase. The new form of leadership has not appeared—or, if it has, it is not yet a thing of which we may certainly be proud.

▸▸ *Picturing The Next War*

THE dark sky above London was slashed and stabbed with rapiers of light. A great buzzing drowned the sound of traffic in the streets. Fleets of bombing planes zoomed out of obscurity, dropped their theoretical loads, banked and fled into the night from which they had come. Citizens watched with stiffening necks, feeling old fears. They could not see some of the engagements; "dog fights" three miles up, the gunners at work in oxygen helmets.

After five days the heart of the Empire was declared to be half destroyed. Fifty thousand tons of bombs had been dropped. Thousands had been killed by gas and high explosive.

Below, the press began to buzz. The Tory press declared: "It has been demonstrated that our present air force is inadequate for the defence of London. We must have a bigger air force, a large number of two-seated fighters and more and more fast bombers. We must have such a force that the enemy will think twice, because of the threat at his own nerve centers."

Sandusky, O. Star-Journal

THE BRIDE'S FIRST BISCUITS

"The Daily Herald," Labor paper, retorted: "Here in a new guise is the old argument upon which we outstripped Germany in building warships before 1914. France and Italy have more airplanes than this country, therefore let us expand our air force and subsidize commercial flying.

"The war has taught people who use this argument nothing. They still think in terms of competitive armaments. So far as they are concerned children of today are doomed to go through a worse hell than that of 1914 to 1918. Let those millions who gaze at planes zooming through night skies ask themselves whether they acquiesce in this suicidal policy."

Above the controversy is a picture of the next war, revealed as clearly as a plane in the path of a searchlight. The declaration of hostilities will release two great fleets of planes, each bound for the other's capitol.

The "New Statesman" puts it succinctly, brutally: "To save Westminster Abbey we must destroy Notre Dame."

Kirby in N. Y. World

"WHERE THE SILENCE 'UNG THAT 'EAVY YOU WAS 'ARF AFRAID TO SPEAK!"

Meanwhile, a Scotsman, Sir James Irvine, was telling American chemists, in effect, that the next war would be won by men of their profession.

"The whole machinery of war may be scrapped," he said. "Warships may be sunk, armies disbanded and fortresses demolished, but the chemical factory must remain and, so long as it exists, it is a potential war factory.

"An organic works designed for the large scale operations of compounds such as dyestuffs requires very little alteration in plant or personnel to be converted in a few hours into a place from which will pour materials far more deadly than those used in the late war.

"There is no need for heavy guns or the customary material of war, for the chemical factory can provide the poison shell fillings which the airplanes will distribute on their objectives—and I leave to your imagination what those objectives are likely to be.

"Gas poisoning has been used once and it will be used again. The futility of paper promises has been clearly demonstrated and so long as the chemical factory remains it can be used as a factory for gas poisons. While there is a general opinion against this method of warfare, we are swept along by a tide against which it is impossible to struggle."

Plainly, there will be no safe zones, no exemptions in the next war.

▸▸ *Explaining Mr. Hoover*

WET Republicans have had a busy week, explaining to their readers and their constituencies that Mr. Hoover is far less arid than he sounds. The "New York Herald-Tribune" will have it that he is, in fact, the only hope of the modificationists, the one candidate who knows the way to the oasis. A reading of that paper is recommended, by the way, to one interested in seeing what an editorial writer can do when he is put to it.

Some one in Palo Alto discovered a letter that Mr. Hoover had written ten years ago, as Food Administrator. It would be unfortunate, he said then, to save food by closing the breweries; to do so would turn the nation toward hard liquor. The stores of whiskey were enormous, he observed. With evidence of satisfaction it was pointed out that

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Mr. Hoover had said "it is mighty difficult to get drunk on 2.75 per cent beer."

It seems clear that Republican strategists are not satisfied with the endorsement of the Anti-Saloon League; they also want to make Mr. Hoover wet enough for the uncertain East. It also seems clear, as The Outlook declares editorially, that Mr. Hoover must speak again about prohibition and "use words to convey our meaning, not to hide it."

Mr. Coolidge and Mr. West

HERBERT HOOVER is learning that a candidate for President of the United States cannot pick up his morning paper without facing at least one question he would prefer not to answer.

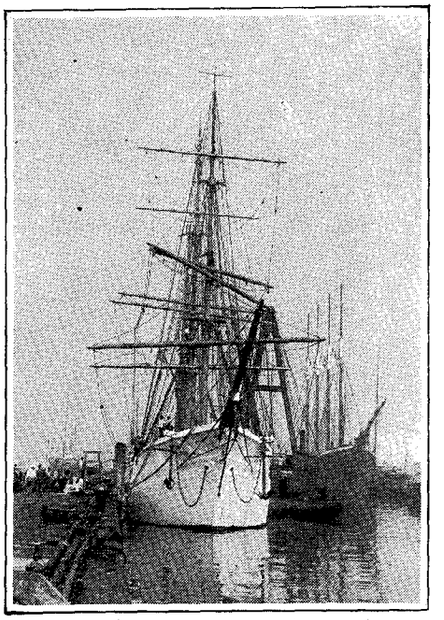
The latest question is put by Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. Does the Republican nominee approve the appointment of Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior? Is he not aware that Mr. West was counsel to Samuel Insull, the big Chicago power and utilities man? Has he forgotten that the Secretary of the Interior is an ex-officio member of the Federal Power Commission before which the Insull interests now have pending applications?

As this is being written Mr. Hoover has not replied. Nor will the answer be easy, for he is, as he has said many times, pledged to carry out the policies of Mr. Coolidge. Why, then, did the President name Mr. West as Secretary of the Interior? Inquiry at Washington by The Outlook affords a partial answer.

Mr. Coolidge, it is agreed in both administration and anti-administration circles, appointed West as a reward for political services. He has long been active in Illinois. He was Republican State Chairman for many years. He has been Secretary of the Republican National Committee since 1924. He was, therefore, an organization man entitled to reward and known to be safe.

Even the enemies of Coolidge make no claim that West has been appointed to favor Insull or any other power interests. The President, it is generally conceded, gave no thought to this angle. Nor will he, during the present criticism or in the event that the Senate declines to confirm the appointment, have anything more to say. He will attribute the opposition solely to partisan politics and feel that to recognize it would be beneath the dignity of the President of the United States.

Incidentally, although Mr. Hoover may be following the policies of Mr. Coolidge, few at Washington believe that he would include Roy West in his cabinet.



Acme

OFF FOR THE ANTARCTIC

The City of New York, which will Carry the Byrd Expedition to the South Polar Seas

Life and Luck

THE gambler propitiates it. The soldier recognizes it as one of the imponderables of battle. Most of us believe in it, except when we are writing our autobiographies. Dr. D. W. Swann, of the Franklin Institute, would have it accepted as an element of science.

"Science heretofore," he says, "has always felt that everything happened could be traced to some cause, which in turn always had a definite effect. But now we know that the results of many purely physical phenomena, such as the transmission of heat, depend upon what science inadequately calls the 'laws of probability,' which is just another name for chance or luck.

"It has long been known that some of the molecules of the air are electrically charged. Yet when we come right down to actual figuring only one in one hundred million is so charged. There is no apparent reason why one of these air molecules, rather than any other, should have this electrical charge —which makes possible lightning, rain, thunder and other happenings of the air. Science has been able to account for this in no other way than by explaining the phenomenon in terms of luck, which has now become a new type of scientific thought."

The life processes themselves, Dr. Swann suggests, may be the result of pure chance. In other words we may be alive by luck, though not always lucky to be alive.

Billboards In Kansas

KANSAS passed a statute removing all signs except official road markers on the right of way of any highway. The same statute prohibited the erection of any kind of advertising sign within 500 feet of a turn in the road, an intersection, or a railroad crossing. Now the Kansas Supreme Court has declared this statute to be valid and constitutional. This decision is a notable step forward in the fight against the billboard nuisance.

Struthers Burt in an excellent article in "Outdoor America" for September, points out two reasons why the billboard has out-lived its usefulness. He writes: "The American public no longer travels at five miles an hour in a buggy, it travels in a high powered car at a rate of between forty and fifty miles an hour; moreover, having traveled this way now for a good many years it has become educated. It no longer travels merely to travel, it travels to see something. Just as only the most striking and attractive road sign any longer makes any impression whatsoever on this traveling public, so only the neat countryside and the neat town, and the really good hotel, remain for any length of time in its memory, save when the countryside, the town, or the hotel, are so ugly and disordered that the determination is left never, if possible, to revisit them again.

"But if the road sign is so striking or attractive that it attracts the attention of the person driving a car, then it is dangerous as has often been proven, and if it is so attractive and striking as to attract the attention of the passengers in the car, in most cases it merely annoys them. They are out to see the countryside, not to discover what sort of cigarette to buy or what sort of shoes to wear."

Meanwhile Arthur Ruhl says in the "New York Tribune": "It has been said by some of the more hard-boiled advocates of laissez faire that if those who object to outdoor advertising are really serious, let them get together and agree to stop buying the products whose ad-

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vertisements offend them. If there is any considerable number of boycotters the nuisance will stop soon enough."

That's about what happened in the Territory of Hawaii, and as a result the beautiful landscape of the Islands is totally free from outdoor advertising. There was no boycott of advertised products which could be reached by legal action. There was just a buyers' strike led by the ladies of the Outdoor Circle of Honolulu. The Honolulu plan is worth studying.

▸▸ *Budgeting*

President Coolidge's restraining hand on Government expenditure is going to be felt in the first year of his successor's term. Brigadier General H. M. Lord, Director of the Budget, has been going over the Budget estimates for 1929-1930 with the President and has come away with the President's approval. Those estimates have been kept down within the limit of $3,700,000,000 set by the President in his speech at the business gathering of the Government on June 11. Some changes were made during the conference at Brule, Wisconsin, but they did not affect the provisional total of any department.

The estimates amount to about a half a billion dollars more than those for the current year; but that does not mean that a half a billion more will be spent. It means, instead, that such unusual items as tax refunds that have not been included in the Budget heretofore are to be included next year. The estimates of expenditure as compared with revenue indicate a deficit of a hundred million; but that, it is explained, is a "paper deficit" and will be made up by later changes in the budget and by increased prosperity.

According to these estimates it will be possible in the year 1928-29 to reduce the debt by over half a billion dollars.

Although the Administration is pushing ahead with the effort to get all nations to renounce war as a national policy, it does not believe in the meantime in neglecting that prime purpose of the Government, the National defense; and for that purpose it provides $659,000,000. This sum does not include any items for the new cruisers which would be added by the bill now awaiting Senate action—which would cost $40,000,000 more in the first year.

Though the Post Office Department, it is estimated, will run short of paying for itself by some eighty million dollars, it has not yet been decided to urge the raising of postal rates. The postal service is a public service, and it is legitimate to charge a part of its cost to the public at large.

▸▸ *Making Wastes Pay*

WHILE one group of chemists and other technologists are pushing forward with ways to exploit the stores of wealth hidden in coal, another group is hunting for ways to turn farm wastes—corn stalks, straw, cottonseed and other cheap plant products—into much more valuable things. The chemist sees these two raw materials—coal and plants—in the same category; both are essentially the same, in fact, since coal has a vegetable origin. They are carbohydrates, and in all the world they are the two great sources of the carbohydrate compounds which only living matter produces and which other living matter must have, especially if that living matter happens to take the form of an erect-walking primate which has recently taken a peculiar developmental trend labelled civilization, modern and mechanical. Chemists cast longing eyes at the wastes or near-wastes the farmer regards as a matter of course. Another form of wasted carbohydrate is what is known as "lignin"—one of the components of wood. This is thrown away in immense quantities by all paper mills, incidentally polluting streams and exterminating fish.

The farmer may be closer to a new order of things than he knows. Some morning he may awaken to discover the industrial world mysteriously anxious to buy up his plant wastes, and at figures which may cause him to look for the joker in the transaction.

▸▸ *Dental Note*

GOLD teeth are no longer an indication of wealth, if they ever were, but even today the dentists of the United States hammer more than $15,000,000 worth of gold annually into the molars of their patients. This is twice the yearly production of Alaska.

This was revealed by Ernest E. Dalton in an address before the National Dental Laboratory Technicians in Chicago. Mr. Dalton estimated that about $10,000,000 in dental gold was annually buried in American graveyards. The 120,000,000 people in the country represent gold deposits of $480,000,000.

▸▸ *A Stand Is Modified*

A STRICTLY vegetable diet seemed to agree with Mr. William Childs, "the nation's host from coast to coast." Why

Acme

AFTER THE BIG BLOW

Wreckage in the Wake of the Hurricane which Recently Swept Florida

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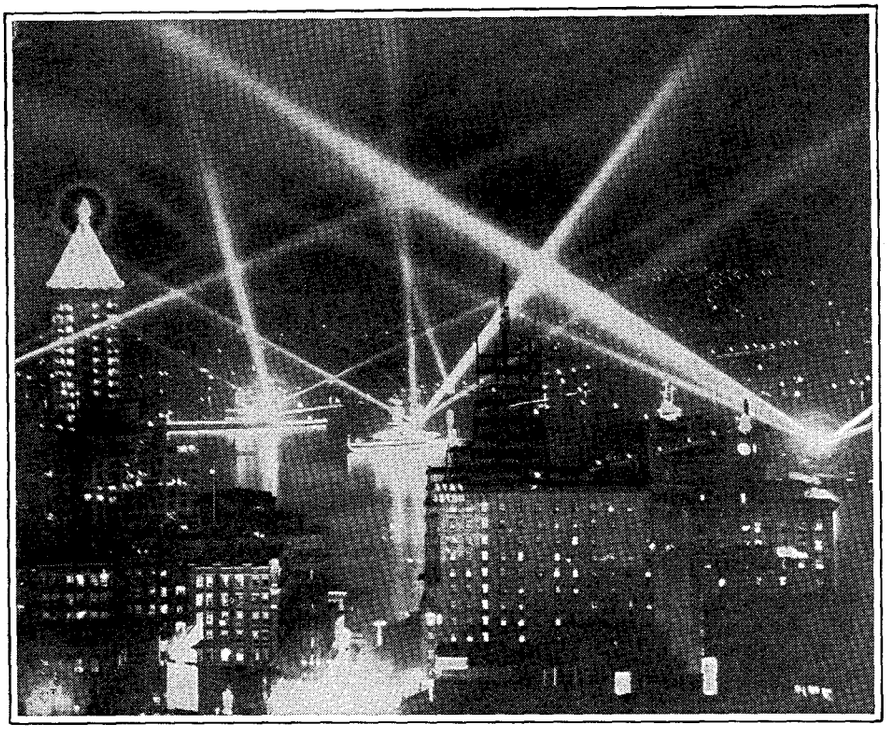

Wide World

SEARCHLIGHTS IN SEATTLE
The Battle Fleet, Before Leaving for Autumn Practice, Draws Modernistic Light Pictures in the Sky

not extend the blessing to his patrons? That was eight years ago.

Pork chops and sirloin steaks went off the Childs' menu. In their stead came "meatless meat loaf," the "meatless club sandwich," and cole slaw—and calories and vitamines. Patrons grumbled; some went elsewhere.

Mr. Childs pointed to Leonardo da Vinci, to Voltaire, to George Bernard Shaw. He reminded the grumblers that the immortal ten thousand held the pass of Thermopylae on fresh fruit and vegetables. He spoke of the Roman legions. In many ingenious ways he praised the meatless menu. He hired a demonstrator to sell Battle Creek foods.

"Who's going to demonstrate a sirloin steak?" grumbled a customer. More went elsewhere.

Beef stew, lamb stew and the hot roast beef sandwich came back on the Childs' menu. Patrons smiled. Managers smiled.

"Meats for the meat eater," Mr. Childs advertised.

He had learned, as reformers do in time, that human nature is stronger than laws and edicts.

▶▶ *Venus' Waistline*

THOSE reckless newspaper potentates known as the headliners, whose special function it is to skim through each incoming item of news and apply to it a headline—often misleading—did not miss the chance to state that "Venus' waistline is plumper" when Professor Frank E. Ross of the University of Chicago recently measured the neighbor planet and found her slightly wider —150 miles—than astronomers had previously supposed.

From preliminary reports it would appear that the celestial lady had for once divested herself of the drapery of dense clouds that conceal her actual surface so efficiently and persistently; possibly she has just learned about some of the modern feminine styles on earth.

Though she is our closest neighbor, Venus has long been very much of a mystery. We have not even known whether she rotates or not, so dense are her clouds, which almost never permit a view of the actual surface. Some astronomers have said that she rotates once in about twenty-four hours, others once in 225 days. As no permanent markings could be seen, the length of her day was anybody's guess. Professor Ross now finds the period to be 30 days—about the same as our MOON.

What about the possibility of life on Venus? This would depend largely on the temperature. When it was thought the day equalled 225 of our days, it seemed likely that the sunward face would become too hot for life; while the 24 hour day assumption, taken in connection with the dense shroud of clouds, suggested too great frigidity. The new observations give an intermediate length and may revive the question of the existence of life. If there were intelligent beings on Venus, they would be able to see the stars and planets so rarely that they might regard them as illusions, and their own world as the sum total of everything.

▶▶ *The Future of Coal*

PITTSBURGH will see a remarkable gathering of technical men in November when technologists and scientists from Europe and America will meet to discuss the remarkable things they expect to do with coal. The "Second International Conference on Bituminous Coal" is a misleading title. This "conference," judging by the success of the first conference held in the same place two years ago, will be more like a large convention, perhaps predominately composed of chemists.

The coal men have one thing in common, they are horrified at the thought of burning coal to obtain energy from it when it is so much more valuable as a source of other things. There is, of course, the liquefaction process—or rather liquefaction processes, for the Frenchman Patart as well as the Germans Bergius and Fischer has a practicable process which like the others converts coal into what may be termed with fair accuracy "gasoline." There is also the process by which General Patart will make wood alcohol from coal. Modern industry uses so much wood alcohol that the more widely known consumption of it in the home is only a drop in the bucket. Then there is the German Professor Fritz Hofman, who is making synthetic rubber from coal, though not yet cheaply enough to compete with nature.

One interesting development is the piping of coke-oven gases obtained from coal from the Ruhr, clear across Germany to Berlin, foreshadowing perhaps a similar disposal of Pittsburgh coke-oven gas in New York and Chicago. To all appearances the technologists assembled in Pittsburgh will be exchanging opinions concerning something in which the public has little interest. Actually it is a substance—coal—on which the entire mechanical revolution hinged and without which the world would have to

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return at once to a more primitive era. What the coal chemists envision now, however, is a greater age, even, than the present.

▸▸ *Coolidge to the Veterans*

Critics of the Kellogg treaty for renunciation of war have contended that it fails, by recognizing the right of war in self-defense, to put any real obstacle in the way of war—since any nation can always argue that it has acted in self-defense. But President Coolidge has made it plain that he regards the plan as anything but ineffective. In an address before the Wisconsin State Convention of the American Legion on August 15, he declared:

"Had an agreement of this kind been in existence in 1914, there is every reason to suppose that it would have saved the situation and delivered the world from all the misery which was inflicted by the great war."

He further said, partly in extenuation of a statement that national defense should not be weakened:

"It is in accordance with our determination to refrain from aggression and build up a sentiment among nations more favorable to peace that we . . . have secured the consent of fourteen important nations to the negotiation of a treaty condemning recourse to war, renouncing it as an instrument of national policy, and pledging each other to seek no solution of their disagreements except by pacific means. It is hoped other nations will join in this movement.

"By taking a leading position in securing this agreement . . . we have demonstrated that when we have said we maintained our armaments not for aggression, but purely for defense, we were making a candid statement. . . . While it would be too much to suppose that war has been entirely banished, yet a new and important barrier, reasonable and honorable, has been set up to prevent it. This agreement . . . holds a greater hope for peaceful relations than was ever before given to the world."

Admittedly, as skeptical realists contend, the treaty does not rule out the possibility of war. But by setting up an international declaration against aggression, it does much to destroy the atmosphere of suspicion in which plans of "defense" that were really offensive in intent were cynically matured. And its positive value lies in its provision that the nations accepting it shall use peaceful means to settle disputes. Courageously developed, this principle may mean more than the pledge against war and may prove to be the best American contribution to world peace.

▸▸ *Prohibition and the Clergy*

An important contribution to the pros and cons of prohibition comes from the Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church. A questionnaire was sent to 5,301 ministers. Replies were received from 2,980. By a substantial majority, the prohibition experiment is stamped as a failure in practice, wrong in principle, and contrary to Scripture.

The questions and answers follow: (1). Is prohibition a success in your community? Yes—501. No—1,304. (2). Have we had the law long enough for a fair trial? Yes—1,329. No—758. (3). Regardless of one's attitude toward the use of liquor, do you believe a prohibition law offers the best solution for the problem of intemperance? Yes—643. No—1,601. (4). Should the Volstead Act be modified? Yes—1,389. No—673. (5). Should the 18th Amendment be repealed? Yes—953. No—984. (6). Are you willing to cooperate . . . in a campaign for more practicable legislation in the interest of temperance and morality? Yes—1,521. No—502.

In addition hundreds of letters were received from clergymen in amplification of their views.

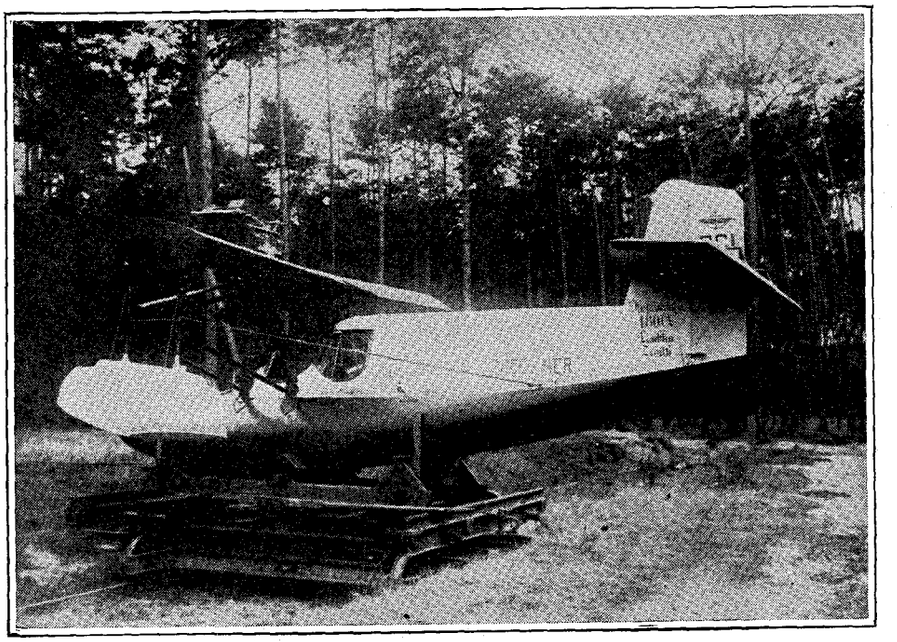
"An analysis of these," says the report, "reveals that the majority holds that prohibition is wrong in principle and contrary to the Scripture, and for that reason they contend that even if 100 per cent enforcement could be obtained prohibition would still be a fili failure.

▸▸ *Speeding the Mail*

The other day mail from France came by airplane for the last 450 miles. This may well mark the opening of a new era in air-mail service. Experiments have been made before; this was practical business.

The French liner Ile de France shot from a giant catapult and a runway on her deck a seaplane with three sacks of mail. Commander Demougeot, a veteran French aviator, was in command, with a mechanic and a wireless operator. Perhaps in other voyages a passenger or two in a hurrry may be carried—at a price, of course.

The mail was delivered in New York before the ship sighted land. The time saved in transit for the mail from ship to shore was three hours and seven minutes: fifteen hours was the actual time saved, but in general practice mail may in this way often be delivered in New York offices a whole day sooner



Keystone

AN AERO-MOTORBOAT

In Which the Russian Engineer, de Gasenko, Plans to Cross the Ocean at 40 Miles an Hour

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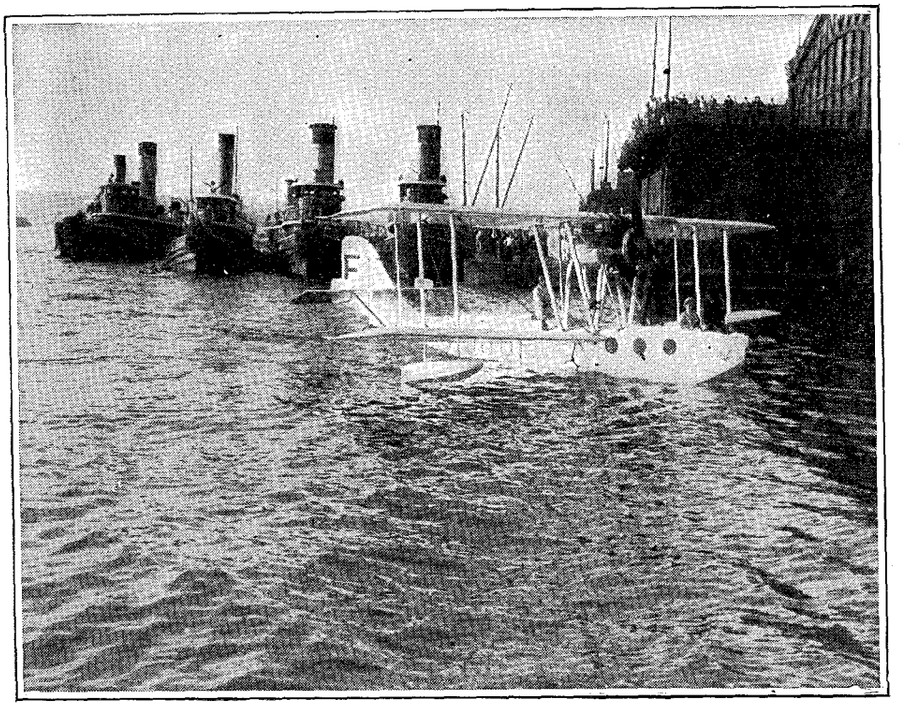

Acme

SHIP-TO-SHORE MAIL PLANE
Which left the Ile de France at Sea and Cut a Day from Mail Delivery Time

than it otherwise would be because of the intervention of night-time.

The French officials propose to use this device at both ends of the voyage and hope for a future saving of two days in ocean mail time from Paris to New York.

George Otto Trevelyan

To Americans the name of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, who has just died at the age of ninety, is best known as that of the author of what is regarded by competent American critics as the best history of the American Revolution. That an Englishman should produce a work so honored by Americans on the great struggle between his country and ours seems extraordinary.

This is accounted for in part by the fact that Trevelyan's great work was not controversial as between the two countries, nor was it mainly a military study. As to battles and campaigns the narrative is clear and vivid; to all but soldiers the more readable because it does not pile up details. But in the main Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution" is a brilliant contribution to the story of the growth of all civil liberty, and therefore of English liberty. He was in profound sympathy with America, as were before him Lord Chatham, Charles Fox and Burke.

The Movies in the Home

Seeing the movies by television, a feat recently accomplished in the Pittsburg laboratories of the Westinghouse Company, differs in few respects from seeing the object itself by the same means. Nevertheless it is easy to foresee that when radio-television for the home arrives, which ought to be quite soon, it will be likely to take advantage of motion picture entertainment; at least it might do so at first, just as the first year or two of radio broadcasting consisted of a few special features and a great deal of "canned" phonograph music.

There is no reason why radio-television, once it gets moving, should be a very expensive luxury. The apparatus involved is quite simple, the largest part being a device rapidly rotated by an electric motor similar to those of ordinary electric fans. The same man or youth who became a make-your-own-radio-set enthusiast not very far back when radio suddenly assumed impressive proportions will be able to construct the apparatus, and any person of average intelligence and handiness will be able to control it. Even now a fairly large number of former radio fans are experimenting with television, and it is safe to say that hundreds of thousands of them understand the fundamental principles of the several existing systems.

At the next heavyweight championship match Tex Rickard may have to lock out more than the radio announcer; the television transmitter may also threaten to keep potential seat purchasers at home and cut his profits.

Regrets at Paris

Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is not to attend the conference in Paris for signature of Secretary Kellogg's treaty to renounce war. The reason given is illness. German officials are inclined to hint that Sir Austen's indisposition is entirely diplomatic, induced by a disinclination to be drawn into a possible discussion of the evacuation of the Rhineland which is desired by Dr. Gustav Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister. Consequently, it is rumored, Stresemann too may find that he has not sufficiently recovered his health after his recent attack of influenza to permit him to attend the gathering in the French capital.

Lord Cushendun, as Acting Secretary, will sign for Great Britain in place of Sir Austen; and it has not yet been determined whether Stresemann will go or who might go instead.

The British Government has asked the Secretary-General of the League of Nations to call the attention of the members of its Council and Assembly to the declarations made by the London Cabinet in its communications with Secretary Kellogg in Washington, to the effect that British acceptance of the treaty against war in no way affects the rights and obligations of Great Britain as a League member. As a result, discussion of the meaning of the Kellogg treaty will be part of the program for the meetings of the Council and Assembly in Geneva this month and next. This is expected to lead to a resolution urging all nations members of the League to adhere also to the agreement to outlaw war. The international Socialists—no slight force in European politics—have just advocated such a move in a resolution adopted by delegates from more than fifty nations at their annual congress in Brussels, Belgium.

Sensations of Falling

A Professor Heim of Zurich has made an extended study of the sensations experienced by persons falling through space. These, it would seem, are al-

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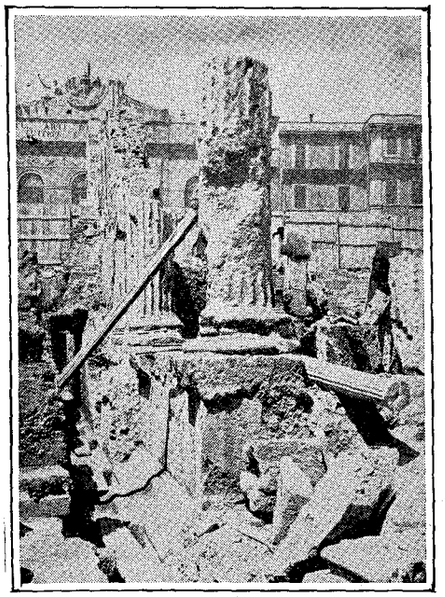


Wide world

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME
An Unknown Temple, Unearthed in the Heart of the Modern City, Under the Direction of Premier Mussolini

most wholly delightful. In a cable to the "New York Times" the professor is quoted as declaring that the supposedly unfortunate people "have no fear, no despair," but only a "serious calm, a profound resignation, an extreme intellectual lucidity and a rapid succession of ideas."

Best of all, there is often "marvelous music" and the sensation of passing through " a wonderful sky with rosy clouds." Professor Heim has questioned many Alpinists and guides who have fallen down precipices in obtaining his information. In addition, he has had personal experience, for he once fell off a cliff himself. There was no pain until hours afterwards although he heard his head striking the rocks as he landed. He, too, "heard delicious music."

He has not yet questioned parachute jumpers regarding this music of the spheres. Perhaps only accidental falls are thus made lovely.

▶▶ *Basest Ingratitude*

Richard Burdon Haldane, twice Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, died in Scotland on August 19. His great services to his country were most unjustly clouded by suspicion as to his attitude toward Germany during the war. He was sent to Germany in 1906 by Sir Edward Grey, then at the head of the English Foreign Office, to study the relations between the two countries and to do his best to harmonize them. Again in 1912, and again under Sir Edward Grey's direction, he visited Germany with the same general object and to pave the way if possible for a satisfactory understanding between Germany and England as to the race in naval armaments which Germany was then forcing energetically.

Naturally, after the outbreak of the war Lord Haldane looked at the international situation in a broad way. Quite without cause sensational journals and hot-headed individuals assumed that he was pro-German and cited the fact that he had once called Germany his "spiritual home."

Intelligent persons never believed that Lord Haldane was at any time or in any way anything but a sincere patriot. Lloyd George immediately after Lord Haldane's death, declared: "I always thought that he was very harshly treated, and in fact treated with the basest ingratitude."

That England at large learned to honor Viscount Haldane is shown by the fact that he for the second time held the office of Lord Chancellor, under the Labor Ministry, eight years after the war was over.

Lord Haldane has been aptly described as a statesman-scholar. He was also in a reasonable way an advocate of better education and of better treatment of labor in Great Britain.

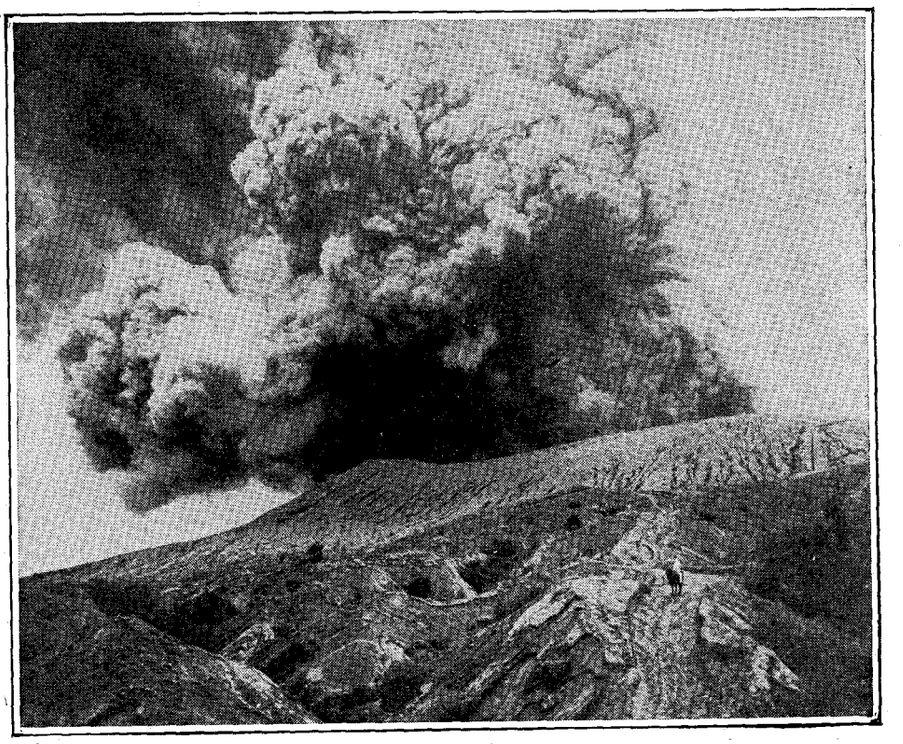
▶▶ *Concerning Parades*

One of the Southern dry leaders recently said to a member of The Outlook staff: "Governor Smith has asked us to come to Albany so that he can parade us across the stage, we have to go."

Senator Glass, of Virginia, author of the enforcement plank in the Houston platform, went and paraded but refused to accept a speaking part. Josephus Daniels, of North Carolina, went and paraded and talked. He was quoted at the Asheville Conference as urging support of Smith and the election of a Congress that would oppose Smith. On his way to Albany, Mr. Daniels announced that he would support Smith and that he believed that the South would be safely Democratic.

Senator George of Georgia, most tenacious of the die hards at Houston, went. Senator Walsh, of Montana went and came away. His support of the nominee was all along undoubted. If the purpose of having the arid gentlemen in Albany was simply to parade them, there is room for two opinions as the wisdom of the move. They have added little to the Smith show. But the purpose was something more.

Governor Smith may be no surer now than he was before of the support of the gentlemen who visited him. But those gentlemen know more of the fiber of the Democratic candidate.



Acme

A VOLCANO IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES
Whose Eruption, Followed by an Earthquake, Killed 1000 People

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Editorials

Hoover and Prohibition

MR. HOOVER will have to speak more plainly and explicitly about prohibition than he spoke in his Address of Acceptance if he is to be understood. On farm relief his statement is as clear as such a statement in a speech of acceptance can be expected to be. On foreign policy he has made his position clear on the three points he mentioned—keeping out of the League of Nations, the promotion of the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, and the maintenance of a strong navy. On one other salient issue—the relation of Government to giant power and public utility corporations—he has said that he will speak later. But on prohibition he has made, so far as anything he has said indicates, the only statement that he intends to make. And that statement is not adequate.

Concerning the Eighteenth Amendment itself his position is clear. He does not believe in the repeal of the Amendment. But his position is not clear concerning the Volstead Act.

Nobody expects to see the Eighteenth Amendment soon if ever repealed or even superseded by another amendment.

What change in the law or the methods of enforcement would constitute nullification is a matter of opinion.

Let us therefore dismiss as not pertinent now the question of either repealing or nullifying the Eighteenth Amendment.

There are three distinct forms of enactment of prohibition.

One consists of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution prohibiting the importation, manufacture, sale, and transportation of intoxicating liquors as beverages and giving concurrent power of enforcement to both the nation and the States.

Another and distinct prohibition enactment consists of the Volstead Act, which is the Federal law defining, describing in detail, and penalizing the violations of prohibition. The Volstead Act is not in any sense a part of the Eighteenth Amendment. It simply purports to carry out the purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment and is subject to change by Congress.

The third form of prohibition enactment consists of the State laws on the subject, which of course apply only within the respective States and supplement for those States the Federal Act.

After his confession of faith in prohibition as a "great social and economic experiment," which "must be worked out constructively," the crucial sentences in Mr. Hoover's Acceptance Address are these three:

"Common sense compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—which must be remedied. An organized searching investigation of fact and causes can alone determine the wise method of correcting them. . . . Modification of the enforcement laws which would permit that which the Constitution forbids is nullification."

Does Mr. Hoover mean by this to propose an official and legally empowered commission to study the abuses that have grown up around prohibition, to report its findings and to make recommendations? If so, he should say so. If not, he should say what he does mean. Of course his words may be interpreted as meaning that he will let things drift and let the "organized searching investigation" take its chance with private initiative. If that is all he means, he has contributed nothing to the remedying of acknowledged abuses. If he means more than that, the people are entitled to know how much more.

What "abuses" does Mr. Hoover refer to in connection with prohibition? Does he mean by them the lawlessness engendered by disregard of the prohibition laws? Does he mean bribery and corruption? Does he have in mind any infringement upon the liberty of the individual or any invasion of the rights of privacy? Does Mr. Hoover think that any of those abuses are due, or even may be due, to the severity of the Volstead Act?

The Volstead Act avows a different object from that of the Eighteenth Amendment. The Eighteenth Amendment says nothing about the use of intoxicating liquors as beverages. Its purpose is distinctly stated to be the prevention of the importation, manufacture, sale, and transportation of them. The Volstead Act, on the other hand, distinctly says that its purpose shall be interpreted with a view to preventing the use of them.

If such an investigation as Mr. Hoover refers to should establish the fact that the Volstead Act goes beyond the intent of the Eighteenth Amendment or contains definitions or makes restrictions that are not necessary for the purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment, would Mr. Hoover use his influence to make the Volstead Act less extreme?

Some interpret his sentence about modification as implying that any modification toward less severity would amount to nullification. Others interpret that sentence to mean that only such modification as would permit what the Constitution forbids would be nullification. In either case he should amplify and clarify his statement. He should let the country know whether he thinks the bars of the Volstead Act could be let down at all without violating the spirit and purpose of the Amendment. If he thinks that the spirit and purpose of the Amendment can be furthered by letting down the bars he should say so plainly.

In declaring his purpose to enforce prohibition Mr. Hoover says nothing about the cost of enforcement. He took pains to state what he thought about the cost of farm relief. That is because he believes in farm relief and therefore believes that it is worth what it will cost. Does he believe in prohibition sufficiently to recommend the appropriation of enough money to make prohibition enforcement effective?

Nullification Mr. Hoover defines as "modification of the enforcement laws which would permit that which the Constitution forbids." Nullification as a party policy is, we think, indefensible. But what would constitute nullification is a question on which each candidate has a right to be heard and, we think, one on which he should speak clearly. As long as a candidate does not speak clearly, voters are likely to understand him to mean one thing when he really means something different. And that, too, like nullification, is indefensible.

The Editors

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

SECRETARY KELLOGG is finding that there are at least as many versions of the meaning of his international pledge to give up fighting as Hoover has encountered in the varied interpretations of his views on the national pledge to give up drinking. And in the endeavor to get his treaty through the Senate, after its signature by fifteen nations at Paris, Mr. Kellogg will encounter the same sort of public demand that he make clear exactly what the Department of State conceives it to mean and how it affects American foreign relations.

To say that it does not alter our foreign policies evidently is not enough. Eminent American authorities, at the Williamstown Institute of Politics and elsewhere, consider that it does. And one of them summed up one aspect of the argument in a neat phrase by saying that the treaty sets up for the first time a legal sanction for the only kind of war which any modern nation ever professes to wage—war in self-defense. They also assert that it both obligates the United States morally to take action regarding wars in other parts of the world and also modifies our foreign policies. That, obviously, is the way in which many other nations regard the treaty.

For instance, Costa Rica has asked the League of Nations for an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. American statesmen certainly would hold that there is just one place in which to seek for an authentic interpretation—namely, Washington. Yet the influential and well-informed "Journal de Geneve," at the capital of the League in Geneva, Switzerland, comments that the Kellogg treaty—if it means anything—means the death of the Monroe doctrine, and that its principles were so understood and intended by their original advocate, Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Says this Swiss paper:

"The Monroe Doctrine was justifiable at the time when it was promulgated, when the independence of the American continents was menaced by European states. The doctrine is no longer justified, for if this independence is still threatened, it is only so threatened by the United States. North Americans feel this in a vague manner themselves. Those capable of thinking politically (*sic!*) believe the doctrine no longer necessary to their freedom of action—that their strength is sufficient to guard this, and that the doctrine remains but to obstruct their policies in many cases."

Abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine is the logical conclusion to be drawn from the text of the pact, contends the "Journal": "The Monroe Doctrine demands in its application, if not war, at least a menace of war. But the thing forbidden can not be used as a threat." The paper discusses in the same way the British reservations to the agreement against war, which have been called a Monroe Doctrine for the Empire.

If Mr. Kellogg and Senator Borah have any idea of renunciation of the Monroe Doctrine, they certainly have given the public no hint that it has understood of such an intent—and we shall be in for an endurance contest in Congressional oratory. But, of course, any American knows that a war over the Monroe Doctrine would be a defensive war; and so far as the treaty is concerned, that is probably that.

As for other points, the semi-official "Temps" of Paris takes occasion to welcome President Coolidge's statement that the Kellogg treaty does not justify radical limitation of armaments for self-defense. And it associates with him the First Lord of the British Admiralty, W. C. Bridgman. "In certain quarters in other countries," says the "Temps," "an effort is being made to produce illusions which may dangerously mislead public opinion. . . . The compact against war has no direct relation to questions of national defense. . . . It is plain that the American President considers the anti-war compact one thing and disarmament another. . . . We all know that in disarmament we can only advance by small steps, in the measure that effective guaranties are given for general security."

These are remarks directed across the frontiers to Germany and Italy, and probably, to Hungary as well. But a few days later, the "Temps" took pains to greet the visit of the German Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann, to Paris to sign the treaty, observing: "It marks a new stage on the road of reconciliation and friendliness. In spite of all the difficulties which still are to be faced, in spite of all the problems which still must be settled, this visit demonstrates how greatly Europe has changed—how, little by little, since the month of August, 1924, when the Dawes Plan was accepted, the political atmosphere of the continent has altered for the better."

Only Soviet Russia—not invited to Paris to be one of the original signatories of the treaty and left to adhere later if she choose—is disgruntled over the whole affair. The official "Izvestia" of Moscow charges that this is an intentional move to delay Russian participation. Until the first fifteen signatories ratify the compact, it argues, several years may elapse, and meanwhile "the nations will be divided into two categories—the clean and the unclean. The clean will be the participants in the compact and the unclean the non-participants—South America, Spain, Turkey, the Scandinavian countries, the Balkan countries, and Lithuania."

"Regarding the method of adhesion by the Soviet Union, Washington considered it necessary to make a special explanation. This aims to simplify beforehand the formalities involved in the Soviet Union's participation, not from the point of view of facilitating this step but from the point of view of avoiding a change in the existing relations of the Soviet Union and the United States. . . . The new conditions for joining the compact bring out still more obviously the desire of the participants not to admit the Soviet Union and disclose the anti-Soviet edge of the celebrated treaty to outlaw war."

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What the Country Is Thinking

Mr. Hoover's Speech

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

AS the curtain rose on the quadrennial play we call the Presidential Campaign the central figure on the stage was Herbert Hoover. And his were the opening lines. If you should try to form an idea of what he said by reading the press comment upon it you would get something like this:

Mr. Hoover spoke as a representative American constructive genius, but of practical genius there was in his speech not a sign. He came out as an avowed partisan, but his words were not the glorification of party but the announcement of a philosophy of public service. There was in his speech no doubt, no evasion, no attempt to be neutral; still, it should be added, on the two chief issues it was elusive, vague, and anything but constructive. On farm relief he seemed to be rather groping but started in the right direction, at the same time he had surrendered to the organized agrarians. He had no plan for farm relief, but his farm plan was definite. He almost grabbed Smith's prohibition plank, but made it easy for Smith to appeal to the country on the wet issue. His speech was a prohibition straddle, yet he did come out pretty strongly on the dry side; and on this subject was concise, positive, unqualified; indeed, even those who disagree with him in this must acknowledge that he rose to fine heights and was unequivocal and courageous. There was nothing in what he said that had a trace of Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, or Roosevelt; yet there was a chord of idealism in it that reminds one of some Wilson doctrines, and except for the Wilson State papers nothing of the kind for a generation has been better. In short, Mr. Hoover's Speech of Acceptance was specific, uninspired, direct, trite, and forceful.

From these comments, which I quote almost word for word, I infer that as a rule Democrats are against the Republican candidate, while Republicans are for him.

One Southern editor calls Mr. Hoover's pronouncement that of a high pressure salesman. If it was, there is certainly in the editorial offices of the country a great deal of sales resistance.

Yet there are signs that political sales resistance is breaking down. Some editors are actually saying that there is not much difference between the parties, that both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith are able, courageous, honest men, each worthy to be President, that bolts from the parties are wholesome signs, and that, in the words of the Chicago "Daily News," "This is a period of open minds in politics."

There are some words that seem to start editorial adrenal glands working. One of these is "prohibition." I do not refer alone to those who regard "prohibition" as something sacred and not to be questioned. I refer also to those who regard prohibition as something sacrilegious and not to be tolerated. If before this campaign ends the emotions subside, we may yet have a campaign of education. The very use of the terms "wet" and "dry" with their connotations is confusing. Why cannot a man be neither "wet" nor "dry" but simply concerned to get at the best and most practicable legal method of dealing with an ancient evil? But as I read over the editorials on the subject I seem to find only "wet" papers and "dry" papers. It is clear that the question is not settled. If it were it wouldn't be discussed so hotly. There is now, for instance, raging a discussion over "nullification." The New York "World," which is Democratic, declares that we have been nullifying the Constitution all through our history; and the Chicago "Tribune," which is Republican, declares that the American people believe in nullification. At the same time the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch," which is as "wet" as either, says, "So long as that Prohibition Amendment remains in the Federal Constitution, any effort to evade it, modify the enforcement laws by permitting the manufacture, sale, or transportation of more or less intoxicating liquor, or to nullify it by any sort of legislation, is a mere makeshift." And it calls on Governor Smith, since he is opposed to Federal prohibition, to come out unequivocally for the repeal or substantial change of the Eighteenth Amendment itself. That, it declares, will make the issue clear.

Similarly there is a demand in the newspapers of the country that the farm issue be clarified. Mr. Hoover is against the very principle of the equalization fee. Governor Smith is against the fee but apparently in favor of the principle. The Baltimore "Sun" says that Governor Smith is on dangerous ground. Before this is read Governor Smith will have discussed the farm problem; but it is this question which public opinion, as represented in the newspapers, will want answered.

There is one other question that is going to interest increasingly the people of the central and far West—and that is the waterway from the Lakes to the Atlantic. The "Rocky Mountain News," one of the liberally-minded newspapers in the Scripps-Howard chain, says that New York City and New York State are opposed to the St. Lawrence waterway "because they fear it might interfere with the traffic of the New York port." Mr. Hoover is committed to it. The West wants that water way—an international route. That is one of the issues that a part, at least, of the country is thinking about.

And it is thinking about Tammany.

I have found in the press no sympathy for Dr. Straton and his sort of attack on Governor Smith. The prospect of a debate between this famous fundamentalist and the forceful Governor of New York has been anticipated—I am afraid vainly—as another Tunney-Heeney fight, with the doctor in the rôle of Heeney. But Tammany has a bad name and yet has been praised by the Governor. Some newspapers—not supporting Smith—have explained that other city machines have at times been as bad as Tammany at its worst. Yet the doubt remains. There is no tendency, so far as I can see, to ascribe to Governor Smith the character that has been fastened on Tammany itself. William Allen White's charges got surprisingly little sympathetic attention in the press. His retraction, in fact, got more. But yet the country is thinking about Tammany; and the tiger figures in cartoons.

There seems as yet little interest in the big question of power control, and still less in what the New York "Telegram" calls the deadly dull but important issue of the tariff.

And so the country awaits what Governor Smith has to say.

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From the Life

The Stolen Baby

By IBBY HALL

SEVERAL years ago, a little girl in a big city was adopted by a woman who had no children of her own. Perhaps, as she grew older, the child was haunted by a baby she could not remember—a little baby without parents. For by the time she was nine years old the little girl found herself very much troubled by her need for a baby.

When she was little, dolls had been all very well. A child of three, or five, or even seven, may be fooled into thinking that dolls are enough. But now that she was nine, she knew better. Dolls are a lie. You look at them and let yourself pretend. The way their little dresses fall about bare knees—the way their little round heads are bent and their arms are held out to you—hurts you somewhere, with joy. The little girl would close her eyes and swallow, for the hurt of looking at them.

But she knew better. They would never move at all. They would never look at her. Much worse—if she snatched them up wildly to hold as closely as she needed—they were hard and ungiving.

"I want a live meat baby," she would say desperately, and put them down.

For a long time she had hoped and trusted that the Power that managed such things would send her a sister. She watched the household narrowly. For years and years she had watched, but there was never a pleasant undercurrent of excitement such as she had noticed in other families, no silent language of looks, raised eyebrows and strangely shaken heads; no day of disorder and importance and wonder. Never a baby.

Now that she was nine, she would soon be grown up, and grown up people have different feelings. She knew. She had felt those feelings all around her, like waves. Or like emptiness. They acted busy and important over babies, or else they paid no attention to them.

She, herself, wanted to touch and hold a baby. She had never seen them trying not to cry from the curious tight happiness that squeezed your stomach when you pressed your cheek into a baby's neck. After nine, she would probably never feel this way again.

The child needed no companion when she went for her daily walks. The big city that lay around her was an old and well worn story. She never went very far from home, for she had no need to. The rest of the city was all alike.

It was on a summer's afternoon that the child of nine started her usual round. The stores first—though she knew them by heart. She walked slowly. The green grass and blue water would wait for her in the Park. She had plenty of time to see what might be new in the windows.

The windows held the same things they had always held. It made her feel tired and weary just to look at them. She wanted something that would make her feel as light as air—as though she could dance around the world on tiptoe. She wanted something alive to play with.

In front of one of the stores, she lifted her eyes and there in front of her was a baby. She stared at it quite steadily for a few moments without moving. It might have come right out of the air into that crowded street, in answer to her wish. It might be a miracle. The little girl shut her eyes and opened them again very quickly. Yes, she was still there, in front of Woolworth's five and ten cent store. She drew a great breath and looked again at the baby.

The baby was in a carriage and the carriage was standing close to the store window. It wasn't a very small baby, nor a big one. Not a year old yet, she was sure. It was turning its head about and crying softly.

The little girl bent over the baby, and the baby stopped crying and stared at her. Its eyes were full of tears but it stared right through them.

It was hers. It was hers for the taking. She felt sure of it. If she should push it a little way down the street, and no one spoke sharply to her—that would be proof.

She tried pushing the carriage, a few steps only; then she waited. But no one appeared. People jostled past the little girl with the baby carriage and never noticed her—the baby began to cry again, so she pushed it a little further. By the time she reached the crossing her knees were weak and shaking and she could hardly breathe. In no time at all she had reached the Park—she had found a tree—she was lifting the baby, her baby, out of its carriage.

She held the baby close to her, in the first still moment, and could have died of happiness. It was warm and living against her body, and pushed its little knees into her stomach.

The grass beneath the tree was soft and shaded. She slid down carefully and settled the baby on her lap. She knew it was a little girl; it was so gentle and pretty. They looked candidly into each other's eyes. They had a secret.

For a time, they played together; with the leaf shadows that fell around them—with the sun on the water—with the great things on wheels that rolled past the Park. Then the baby began to cry.

It was all right at first. The little girl rocked her in her arms, she pointed out all the funny things, she sang all the songs she could remember. But the crying wouldn't stop—something dreadful must be the trouble.

It was when the sobbing was most dreadful that a motor-car drew up suddenly nearby. Two men and a woman stepped out of it and the woman began running as though she were crazy, while the men followed slowly. The child's heart choked her all at once, for they were coming straight to the tree.

Before the little girl knew what had happened, the woman had torn the baby from her arms. She was holding it even more tightly than the little girl had held it, and saying excited things over her shoulder to the two solemn men.

The car at the curbstone was a police car. The two men were detectives. The little girl knew her city well enough. But she held her ground in despair. She watched her baby, once again in its carriage, wheeled rapidly away from her. She stood up in front of the detectives and knew she would be arrested. But she refused to cry.

She tried to answer all their questions—she tried to tell them why she had done it.——When she finished, she thought her heart would break.

The detectives were quiet men. They didn't say very much. Instead they drove her home and left her there.

But what would she do now for a baby?

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IT was only a question of time, of course. But the bitter, devastating novelist, Mr. Hecht, has turned sentimentalist, at last—assisted, temporarily, by Mr. Charles MacArthur.

And yet who can blame either of these gentlemen?

From time immemorial—or at least ever since Fleet Street became famous—the drama and romance of what used to be called Journalism has gripped the youthful soul of the aspiring writer. In his heart of hearts, every reporter has hoped some day to write the great novel or play of newspaper life. Even the fact that journalism has degenerated into the humdrum newspaper business has not dispersed the glamour which surrounds the subject.

Wherefore it is not surprising that Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur should try their hands at it. The miracle is that they have done it to the satisfaction of nearly everybody who has seen their effort to date; including, we must suppose, Jed Harris, producer, and George Kaufman, director.

At this writing, their play "The Front Page" deserves the title of Broadway hit.

SWIFT, galloping action; breathless dialogue, with the zip and crudity of real life; banter and drama and the thrills of ten years of existence as ordinarily lived in press rooms, all telescoped into two and a half hours on the Times Square theatre stage—this is "The Front Page."

Plot? Very tenuous; the reporter, fascinated for years by the game, finally quitting his friendly enemy, the Managing Editor, in order to enter the advertising business and marry the girl of his choice—only to have one of the greatest stories of his career "break" right before him and drag him back into the thick of it again. This is the kernel of it.

The Press Room in the Municipal Courts Building in Chicago is the scene—and telephones, revolvers, escaped criminals, sheriffs, policemen, detectives, rival reporters, scrubwomen, fiancees, and even a good imitation of Mayor Thompson: all these are present. All the familiar counters of the newspaper yarn, including the suspense always engendered by hiding a man in a desk or a closet.

But there is a difference, this time; yes, there is a considerable difference between this one and the others. Reality of dialogue, for one thing; marvellous stage direction for another (the tempo alone is enough to induce a flutter in most theatregoers) and, finally, a distinct presentation of the genuine conflict in a man between the rival fascinations of the woman he loves and the newspaper publisher who challenges his masculinity, who symbolizes his ego.

This conflict is presented superficially, of course; and in the mood of comedy. But it is there as a reality, and a very genuine one, always underneath the action of the play, and saving it from sheer speed and manufactured plot. Every man has felt it, at some time in his career, and to the audiences of "The Front Page" it is at once amusing and authentic.

"But, dear, don't you understand—"

No, they never can, of course. And the girl in this case doesn't either.

MOREOVER, between Lee Tracy, as the reporter, and Osgood Perkins, as the publisher, there exists that curious bond, half affection, half antagonism, which holds so many masculine friendships together, and which shows itself usually in a desire to get what is known as a "beat up" on the other fellow: a practical joke, variation of the affectionate insult.

Added to this feeling between them,

LEE TRACY

is the undoubted emotional attachment which many reporters feel for the game itself: the excitement of the competition involved, the chance for ambition, the whole "game for the game's sake." The fascination which the newspaper game holds for Lee Tracy, the reporter, is made exceedingly vivid; until finally there is presented the picture of the journalist so keen on securing the big story, so enthralled by his own "news sense" that he will spend all his money—money he had meant for his impending honeymoon—and plunge himself angrily into endless difficulties, even keep his girl waiting at the train rather than let this opportunity slip forever; even though he has left the newspaper business, and is about to be married and go to another city.

Such stuff is pure romance, of course. And the whole "Front Page" is generously colored with it. It is the young man's dream of what the fascination of journalism ought to be. It is Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's romance of journalism as they would like to remember it; a sort of memory of youth. Meanwhile it is presented with such a wealth of reality in detail, in language, in stage direction, that one is forced to rub one's eyes, upon emerging from the theatre, and reflect on the press rooms of today—just as they are, tonight, for instance!

ONLY then does the effect produced by the vigor of its imaginative force abate sufficiently to allow commonsense to draw its own unfevered conclusions. Well, no, you see instantly—such a night in a press room never was, on sea or land. But what a gorgeous excitement, what a magnificent riot, what a set of good fellows, what times, what stories, what extraordinary characters, what *bon mots*—Why, of course, what days those good old days WERE! Never will be any like them again!

Meanwhile Tammany Young emerges—in the part of the Mayor—as a better actor than ever. Which to any one who remembers him as the shifty contractor in "Rope" or as the lawyer who conspired with Mrs. McMullin in "Bottled in Bond" is saying a good deal. He satisfied us, in this present instance, almost as well as Osgood Perkins did, and better than Lee Tracy.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

TALK about improvement! You never saw such improvement in your life as "The Terror" shows over all previous attempts at talking pictures. It's heartening, stimulating, and really rather thrilling.

"The Terror," for the benefit of those who have been letting their reading fall behind during the hot wave, is Warner Brothers' second 100%, all-talking movie. There isn't a subtitle in it. Even the credit titles at the beginning of the film have been omitted and their place filled by a highly dramatic gentleman, in evening clothes and a black mask, who appears before a curtain and announces, Vitaphonically, the identity of the director, the players, the authors, cameramen and chief musicians.

"The Terror" is a mystery-comedy-melodrama of conventional cut, based on a play of the same name by Edgar Wallace, which is said to have run for two years in London. It was not, we thought, as good as some others of the same type, but never mind. There were several practically hair-raising situations in it and no small amount of fun.

This latter was chiefly supplied by Louise Fazenda, who is funny when she speaks in identically the same way as when she doesn't. This famous Mack Sennett graduate proves, in "The Terror," that she deserves to rank with the best comediennes of our time. Her accomplishment is the more notable in that she lacks any previous experience whatever in the spoken drama.

Edward Everett Horton, in another comedy part, brings to the talking picture a rich and varied knowledge of both stage and screen. Were it not that his part is badly written in spots, Mr. Horton would at this moment be supplying Broadway with just about its best current characterization. As it is, he is called upon to be too silly and it mars his effort. John Miljan's part is also overdrawn but the laughs extracted from it by this former heavy are numerous, and reflect much credit upon his method.

As for the others, May McAvoy looks pretty and speaks very badly. Alec Francis contributes a performance in which a sure-footed movie technique is accompanied by complete lack of conviction in the delivery of his lines; he seems to be waiting, on every speech, for someone to tell him what to say next. Matthew, Betz, Otto Hoffman, Holmes Herbert and Frank Austin were mostly good, in small parts.

THE TERROR

Concerning the direction, Roy Del Ruth has done a difficult job very successfully except, we should say, for one glaring defect; the pace at which the entire action is played is just about half fast enough. It is well known that the motions of movie actors are far slower than those of stage actors; and that a deliberate tempo for comedy scenes has been proven effective, as in, for example, "Two Arabian Knights." But when dialogue is introduced all this is changed, forthwith. The characters appear to be uncertain at times whether to say something or to resort to pantomime, as of old; the general effect of this phenomenon is to make the action drag badly. With this criticism all adverse comment on the actual movie and Vitaphone work in "The Terror" must end, as far as this review is concerned.

Plot deficiencies there are, to be sure—and they are entirely beside the point. That same "improvement" to which we made allusion above is perhaps best conveyed by calling attention to the fact that our objection to the tempo is the only fair objection we could possibly make to the picture as a whole!

Stand by, ladies and gentlemen of the movie audience, for some startling developments in the mimic world; and while you're doing so give a couple of hours some time to the foretaste of them so valorously served up in this pioneer picture. Go and see it, and leave your sales resistance at home.

"The Perfect Crime"

The R.C.A. (Radio Corporation of America, in case you didn't know) also has a sound recording device, called the Photophone. This mechanism was used, rather ill-advisedly, to liven up certain sequences of a photoplay called "The Perfect Crime." Now, the Photophone is absolutely O.K.; smoother, perhaps than the others. But unfortunately, they forgot to synchronize sight and sound in "The Perfect Crime."

Dr. Charles Benson, the world's greatest detective, retires from the sleuthing game. He plans a "perfect" crime and commits it himself, just to see what will happen. He is not suspected, but an innocent young husband and father is, and Benson has to give himself up, or see the y. h. and f. go to the gallows.

It is during the trial of the young scapegoat that the Photophone sounds off; the result is not impressive.

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Verdi and Shakespeare

By EUGENE BONNER

THE recent revival at the Dresden Staatsoper of that rarely heard work of Verdi, "Macbeth," brings to mind the somewhat curious fact that up to the present date, it has remained for a Latin, and not one of the Northern races, Saxon or Anglo-Saxon, to produce the best and most successful operas based on the works of the great Elizabethan.

It seems strange that one of our German musical brethren appear to have been able to draw inspiration from some of those mighty dramas. Of course there's that early work of Richard Wagner, "Das Liebesverbot," founded on "Measure for Measure," produced for one performance only at Magdeburg in 1836 with Wagner himself conducting. That opera was, however, a dire failure, and the second performance, although announced, never took place.

There is also that very amusing and charming work of Goetz, "The Taming Of The Shrew," which was done at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York in 1916 or '17, but the book so far departed from the original that it could scarcely be called a Shakespearean opera in any sense of the word, although anyone who saw the delightful foolery of Margarete Ober, Clarence Whitehill and Johannes Sembach in the piece, will remember what a breezy affair it was.

Of course several English composers, as was to be expected, have had a whack at the Bard, but with the exception of the late Sir Charles Stanford none of them succeeded in producing a work of distinction. The "Much Ado About Nothing" of this composer, notwithstanding the fact that it had a considerable success when given the two performances allotted it at the time of its production in 1901 at Covent Garden, was not repeated and is practically unknown outside of England, and none too well known there, which is a pity as it is immeasurably superior to a great deal of the trash which seems to find its way so easily onto the Metropolitan and Covent Garden stages.

Then there's the "Romeo et Juliet" of our old friend Gounod, who while he didn't massacre the Shakespeare work to the same horrible extent that he did the "Faust" of Goethe, still didn't succeed in turning out anything better than a sentimental hash, agreeable enough when done by very great artists, but terrible otherwise.

It remained for Giuseppe Verdi, an Italian, to produce at the ripe age of eighty what must undoubtedly be considered the finest operatic setting of Shakespeare—"Falstaff," founded of course on "The Merry Wives Of Windsor."

From beginning to end the work is a delight and, what is rare in adaptations of the kind, keeps to the spirit of the original and never once jars or irritates. In fact it does just the reverse, as having once become accustomed to the operatic version of this play, the original always seems to be to a certain extent incomplete; no matter how well done. How the composer at the age of eighty could have so managed to catch the atmosphere and humor of Elizabethan England is one of those mysteries whose solution is only found in the one word—Genius.

In "Otello," which preceded this work, he was equally successful, but then that was more natural, as while the original was in English, we must not forget that he was handling an Italian subject and writing in Italian besides.

Of course for both these works he had an incomparable librettist in the poet-composer Boito, and a good librettist is, as anyone well knows, a very rare bird.

In "Macbeth" which has just been given such a sumptuous revival at the Dresden Staatsoper, we have quite a different affair altogether. This opera with a libretto by Francesco Piave and Andrea Maffei, was first given at the Pergola of Florence in 1847. It was never a great success owing perhaps to the fact that the leading male rôle was written for baritone instead of tenor, tenors apparently being as much the vogue at that date as they are now. The opera was subsequently entirely revised for its production in Paris in 1865 and it is that version which is now being used in Dresden.

The opera is of course in the early style of Verdi, arias, cavatinas, recitatives and choruses, but for all that it has plenty of backbone to it yet. Once one gets used to Macbeth and Lady Macbeth conversing in melodious couplets, roulades and so on, the real dramatic value of the piece begins to impress itself on the listener. Some of the choruses, notably that at the beginning of the last act where the exiled Scottish nobles, driven from their homes by Macbeth, bewail their misfortunes, are very fine and in the case of the scene referred to extremely moving. Lady Macbeth has some rather heroic coloratura passages to deliver herself of in her sleep-walking scene, but as done by Eugenie Burkhardt of the Dresden opera it was very interesting and, strange to say, not as grotesque as one might think.

The opera follows pretty closely the tragedy as written by Shakespeare. We see Macbeth and Banquo accosted by the witches who make their prophesy in the first scene just as in the play. Then the scene where Lady Macbeth receives the letter from her husband, her determination to let nothing interfere with the realization of the witches' prophesy, the arrival and reception of King Duncan and his murder, and the scene between the two, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, where she persuades him to "remove" Banquo and his son as well. As the note on the program puts it "Die Lady triumphiert."

From then on till the end, the opera wends its own melodious and, curious as it may seem from a perusal of the score, dramatic way. Of course in an opera of this sort the manner of its production can either make or kill it. In the case of the Dresden production, the handling of the crowds, the costumes and above all the superb settings in the modern manner, make one forget completely that it is not a much more modern affair.

So unless some enterprising English or American composer is able to make the musical world listen with a certain degree of respect to a work based on some one of the great dramas attributed rightfully or wrongfully to the deer-poacher from Avon, the honor of having written the best opera (in this case operas) drawn from the works of Shakespeare must go without the slightest hesitation to an Italian—Giuseppe Verdi.

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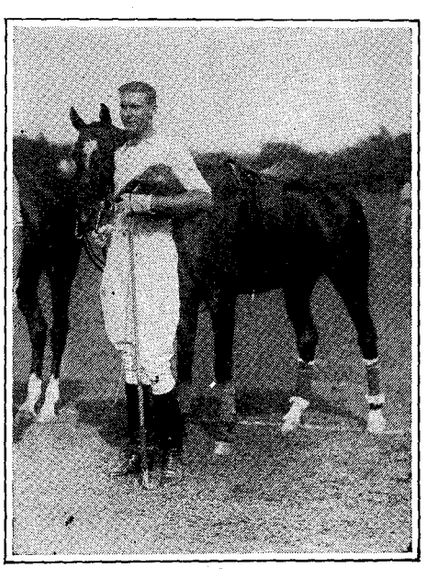
The Argentine Threat

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

WHAT is probably the most serious assault on American polo supremacy will be launched by the flying horsemen from the Argentine on International Field at Meadow Brook, beginning September 8. While officially the games will be for the championship of the two Americas, unofficially the winners will be world champions for the year. There have been other expeditions from Buenos Aires, to be sure, but the team was compelled to enter for the Open Championship, and so far has never met an official American Big Four. On the occasion of the first expedition the visitors won the Open title, and then played three of the then extant Big Four, with James C. Cooley at No. 1, replacing L. E. Stoddard, who had been injured in one of the practice games. The Argentines were beaten by a narrow margin. Undoubtedly this was not potentially as strong a team from the Pampas as the present outfit. And then, too, the visitors undoubtedly asked a little too much of their mounts, good as they were. This time both players and mounts have been carefully nursed. While L. L. Lacey, the ten-goal back, had been playing in England, the others, Arthur Kenny, J. D. Nelson, John Miles and Manuel Andrada, the spare man, came straight to this country and have been quietly practicing without letting out many real links, and disregarding score, since the middle of July.

It is apparent that the real strength of the challengers will not be shown until the first international match. There have been flashes of superb play, coupled with periods when the visitors did not look so strong, and were quite obviously practising team play and passing. There is no doubt that some of this passing will be better than anything the new Big Four made up of W. Averell Harriman, Thomas Hitchcock Jr., Malcolm Stevenson, and Winston Guest, can produce, good as they are. There is no doubt, too, that the Americans will be hard put to it to match the horsemanship of the Argentines, that all but reinless riding that is the mark of a lifetime in the saddle, of in a word, "horsemastership" as distinguished from mere horsemanship. In saying this, there is no reflection on the American brand of horsemanship, simply that with rare exceptions our polo men do not get started quite so early in life, and are not in daily contact with the string that is to be played in international matches. The new Big Four has an advantage over some of its predecessors, however, in the fact that in the nature of its personnel it includes players who have made at least a hobby of raising and training their own strings.

Perhaps the greatest surprise in the selection of the new Big Four (and a pleasant one it is) is Averell Harriman's success in making the team. Nothing but extreme persistence has brought him through. Superbly mounted as he is he has always been able from time to time to slip the opposing back and get into the clear, but until just on the eve of the selection of the team his attempted scoring shots were faulty. Fed by Tommy Hitchcock, who hits the longest and most accurate ball in polo, Harriman had only to get out on the end of the drive and slip it through the posts. This he has at last learned to do, apparently having taken a long leave of that overanxiety that was wont to trouble him. There is little to be said about Hitchcock, the American captain, for gilding the lily is a waste of effort, and in his own position Mike Stevenson is right in his class. Here are two ten-goal men, the highest rating in the galloping game. Both are uncanny field generals and can pass easily and rapidly from attack to defense, or vice versa. With the addition of Winston Guest, 6 feet 4, and weighing around 185 pounds, the selection committee came as close as it could to replacing the mighty Milburn.



Acme

F. W. C. GUEST

In backfield play the tradition in this country has been built upon hard riding off of the opposing No. 1, terrific hitting, and the ability to come up through to the scoring positions. In a word, a big and husky player was needed, but with the ability to fit into the flexible generalship that has always marked America's brand of play. I should have said North America's, for practically the same flexibility is in evidence in the work of Nelson's team. The combined handicaps of the new Big Four run to 32 goals, which is a fair indication of its quality. The Argentine total handicap will run about the same. The international matches, however, are always played on the flat, so the handicaps are interesting only as giving an idea of quality. The perfect team would be a 40-goal aggregation. However, there have been times when 32-goal teams have played 40-goal polo. The reason for this, of course, is that the two teams are up on the best polo ponies in the world, and that makes a vital difference.

The men from the Pampas are all well known to our own polo people, although Arthur Kenny, the new No. 1, has never before been to this country. But Hitchcock played against him in France and England in 1924. Needless to say, perhaps, that the Americans who have studied his play have a wholesome respect for his beautiful riding and expert goal hitting from all around his mount. Even the fact that he wears glasses does not seem to bother him much. They are of the indestructible type, but of course, occasionally do become fogged. Nelson is one of the best No. 2 men in the game, and he and John Miles work out a fascinating passing game designed to get either Kenny or Nelson into the open. They are not afraid to break the traditions by passing directly across the field, which is not recommended in the books on technique. This passing,

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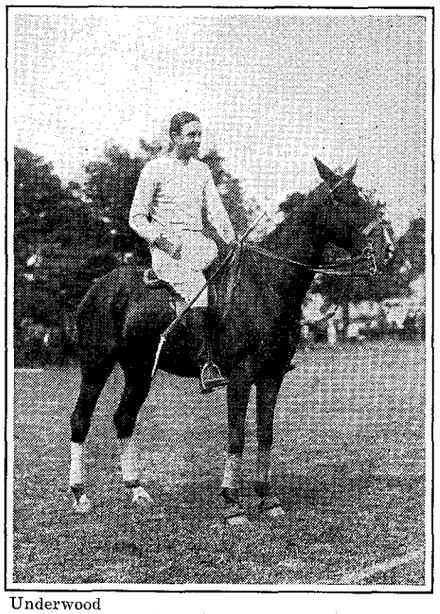

Underwood
W. AVERELL HARRIMAN

for that very reason is most effective. Lewis L. Lacey at Back, needs no introduction to followers of the galloping game, for he has played here before both with Argentine and British international teams, being eligible for the latter because of his Canadian birth and service with the British in the world war. However, he is a resident of the Argentine, his father having moved there when he was three years old. He is one of the great masters of strokes now playing. His play fell off for a time due to an injury, and his handicap was lowered for the moment, but he is now back at ten goals due to his play in England this year.

Compared with our own players this is a comparatively light team. The mounts, however, are somewhat bigger than they were two years ago, and all these men can give a good account of themselves when riding off. Lacey himself, the field general of the four, will not weigh much more than 145 pounds, and where he stores away the power with which he makes his strokes is a puzzle. The Argentines are given to what is known as the "hanging" mallet. That is, instead of carrying the weapon upright when coming on the ball, they swing it to the thrumming of the horses' hoofs. Whether it helps much in the timing the Argentines themselves say they do not know. It is an unconscious habit with them. However that may be it adds to the grace of their stroke. For that matter every move they make is graceful to the last degree. The actual technique of riding and shot-making is so much a matter of second nature that they have plenty of time to think at the gallop about their relative positions on the field, and to work out the very highest form of combination play.

The date of the opening match, originally set for Labor Day, had to be changed, because of minor injuries to members of the visiting team, and because of the bad weather conditions that gave them fewer chances for practice than had been scheduled. They have not wanted to go out to win games, bringing the mounts to top form by easy stages, but up to this writing they certainly were short of work. But for that I should have no hesitation in feeling that they had at least an even chance for victory, with possibly just a little edge.

Because the teams play very close to the same style of generalship, and because both have scorers against whom there is no perfect defence, I look for fairly high scoring matches, with probably both sides going into double figures. There will be every possible attempt, from any part of the field to cut loose with Kenny and Lacey, with Harriman and Hitchcock, and at times making a path through the defense for Lacey and Guest to come through, both of whom will be dangerous anywhere within sixty yards of the goal.

Yes, certainly this fine team from the Pampas is dangerous. And this time it is coming at us with not only plenty of fire, which the Argentines have always had, but with cold calculation. Should this invasion be turned back defeated it will be a great feather in the hat of Tommy Hitchcock, who has taken over the leadership of American polo from the veteran Milburn. I think there can be no doubt that that leadership will be close to perfection in action on the big days, and there is always the chance that this still young star will do all but impossible things. But I doubt if this time any member of either team can play even a single notch lower than his best and come home with victory. So much has been said of Tommy's own personal prowess that it is pleasant to record the fact that he is an unselfish leader, and cares not a whit who makes the goals for his team so long as they are made. Certainly Harriman should be grateful for Tommy's persistent faith in him.

There is another angle to the coming matches that is interesting. The Argentines, while the best of sportsmen, have felt a little hurt that they have not been allowed to try for the International Challenge Cup. The powers that be, however, have felt that they could not violate the deed of gift that accompanied what was known in the early days as the Westchester Cup. It is practically admitted that Meadow Brook is the real center of the world's polo, and it is contended that the matches there should carry with them the title of world's champion, plus the historic cup. It has been pointed out that polo is coming along apace in Spain, and that India is preparing to send along another team. There are also Continental players who might well challenge. In a word, the idea is to have a tournament built on the basis of the Davis Cup in tennis. That is one of the fundamental reasons why the Argentines are so hungry for victory.

It has been customary for those of us who are far away to look upon India as the sporting-home principally of polo, pig-sticking, tent-pegging, and gymhkana. It will be a surprise to many that tennis has spread through that land like a bonfire. Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon, and all the principal cities of that distant land boast of tennis courts and tournaments not by any means given over to the sole use of the Anglo-Indian. Rather, an attempt has been made to develop native players. There is no one in sight yet to take the place in tennis held by Ranjitsinjhi in cricket, but apparently it is not long before there will be.

Acme
A. J. KENNY
of the Argentine Team

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To Merge or Not to Merge

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE story of mergers will constitute probably the most important chapter in the history of business during the next few decades. The urge to combine, of course, has not been limited to the strictly commercial field. Mergers of newspapers, charities, hospitals and even of clubs come with increasing frequency.

In no other field, however, is the question of whether to merge or not to merge of as vital an interest as it is in commerce and industry. Competition has grown so keen and the margin of profits generally so small that only the most economical producers and distributors can survive, let alone flourish. At present, the largest are usually the most economical.

At present the majority of American authorities believe that the size of the average organization will increase steadily. They point out that an overwhelming preponderance of the most successful companies recently have been giants—General Motors, General Electric and American Can, to mention three of the most famous.

David F. Houston, President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, asserts confidently that "big business will become bigger. Big business of today is a pigmy compared with what it will be fifty years from now. No man had imagination enough fifty years ago to picture what business would be today, and no man today has imagination enough to picture what it will be fifty years from now. No man with whom I have been acquainted has had enough imagination to keep up with America in the conduct of his business.

"Big business, it is significant, is less feared than the little of thirty years ago and the bigger business of fifty years from now need not be feared if the present ethical tendencies of today improve as much in the next fifty years as they have in the last thirty."

A far from insignificant minority disagree very strongly with Mr. Houston's views but nearly all students of business will agree as to the important factors which favor further consolidations and those which tend to militate against them. The differences arise as to the relative importance which should be given to the various factors. Those favoring more and larger mergers are as follows:

1. Lower distribution costs. The problems of distribution are today of greater interest than those of production. America now can produce considerably more than she can consume and all businesses emphasize the necessity of finding markets for their products. At present, too many salesmen selling articles that differ very slightly in value and in price are covering the same territories. Two companies are spending, say, a million dollars apiece on advertising two products when, by spending two million dollars on one product, they could more than double the effectiveness of the advertising.

2. Lower production costs. The economies that arise from large scale production are familiar to almost everyone. The most efficient modern machinery is tremendously expensive and only huge organizations can afford to buy it.

3. More thorough scientific research. Unquestionably one of the chief reasons for the success of General Motors and General Electric is the vast amount of money which they have put into proving-grounds and laboratories. For corporations of moderate size, the maintenance of a staff of first-class research workers and the purchase of the necessary equipment for their work would be impossibly expensive.

4. The pooling of varied executive talents. It is seldom that even the ablest executive is a great buyer and a great salesman, a great advertiser and a great organizer, a great service man and a great financier. Only the biggest units can hire outstanding men in all these fields.

5. More economical financing. The public, in its present mood, prefers to invest its funds with big organizations. The mere size of a company today is an inducement to capital.

6. Stronger sales appeal. The attitude of the public, which makes it more ready to lend to a big corporation than to a small one, also makes it prefer to buy the products of a big corporation.

7. More stable price structures. Nothing dries up buying of any commodity much faster than falling prices. When they are held steady, all the sellers benefit and, as Mr. Hoover has pointed out repeatedly, it is to the interest of everyone that as many industries as possible should be at least reasonably prosperous.

The chief factors which limit combinations are these:

1. The tendency of any unit to grow unwieldy as its size increases. This tendency can be overcome in many instances but it is always an influence that must be reckoned with. Some corporations, indeed, have been forced to split up because they were over-extended.

2. The advantages of concentrated leadership. Granted the benefits of pooled executive talents, the fact remains that one man can always lead more decisively than a committee. In many cases, such decisiveness is preferable to the better seasoned judgment of a group.

3. The dangers of monopoly. As yet, none of the tremendous business organizations have abused their power to any extent. But history shows that the possessor of excessive power usually abuses it, sooner or later. This danger is acute whenever the units in industry "come to an agreement about prices."

4. The resistance of conservatives to anything that looks like a fad—and some mergers have been consummated for no other very good reason than the widespread popularity of such combinations.

5. The closer personal contacts which small organizations can maintain with their customers. A customer enjoys dealing directly with the president rather than a third vice-president, even though the latter may be a higher salaried and a more capable executive.

6. The fear of executives that, if their companies came into a merger, they would lose their jobs or be forced to accept less attractive ones.

Reviewing the objections to mergers, it can be seen that the danger of monopoly is the most serious. Obviously, then, the number and extent of mergers in the years to come, as well as the size which present commercial and industrial giants will be allowed to reach will depend chiefly on the "ethical tendencies" which, according to Mr. Houston, are steadily improving.

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A Preface to Politics

By DIXON MERRITT

THE summer of 1902 was sweltering hot along the lower reaches of the Ohio. At Owensboro, in the Green River alluvium, they were surfacing streets with asphalt and there went up from it always a shimmering steam permeated with the odor of illuminating gas from the disturbed and sometimes punctured mains.

Two young Tennesseans of the Basin, sick for the cold streams and the blue distance of hill beyond hill, foregathered about the middle of humid afternoons by the pickle barrel at the back of Rhinehart's grocery, where there was a sort of bated breath of coolness from the brine, and refreshed each other with bits of Landon Carter Haynes's tribute to their hills—"There I have seen the storm god after noonday go take his nap in pavilions of darkness and of cloud."

They vowed, these boys in the swamps with their hearts in the hills, that they would die at home though they lived in hell, that life should give them some respite at its end when they could sit in shade that was not parched and feel breezes—cool breezes—come down through the passes from the hills; that they would wear no coats, no sleeves and no collars—above all, no collars. But they had, each of them, that sort of ambition which drives young men, as if by sword and fire, through hardship and suffering without end. Before the promised day could come, one of them must attain the heights in communication and the other in journalism. They stole those minutes of mutual aspiration, one from the managers' office at the telephone exchange, the other from the city editor's desk at the morning newspaper office. They had never seen each other before that summer. The bond between them was their bluegrass hills. One had begun his career as handy boy about the telephone exchange at Carthage, the other as a scribbler of neighborhood news for the "Weekly Democrat" at Lebanon—thirty miles apart. Now they were friends, friends as fast as Damon and Pythias, friends who could never be separated.

Along in February of the next year, the telephone man was called from faithfulness over a small exchange to rulership over a large one. The newspaper man had received no call. The telephone man went away, from high to ever higher post, and the newspaper man plugged on in that town on the low-lying neck between the Ohio and the Green, plugged on there year after year until he came to love it as much as a man can love any place not his native home. And then, at last, the call came and he, too, went away to bigger if not better places.

The years run rapidly when once the stream comes clear of the lush grasses of youth. Soon a quarter of a century had passed since the friends ceased to meet at the back of Rhinehardt's (the stove was there in winter). Not once had their paths crossed.

The newspaper man, one day in New York, turned to his typewriter and wrote to the telephone man a brief account of his doings through those twenty-five years. Toward the end of it he wrote, "I am rebuilding the old home in Tennessee—and spending there all that I can spare of both time and money." Promptly, there came back from the telephone man in Denver an account of his quarter century of achievement. In it was this: "I bought back our old home in Carthage a few years ago. I have spent a lot of money on it. They say I am foolish, but I am going to spend more." No other letters followed.

This year the newspaper man reached his home in Tennessee on the Fourth of July. He had experienced, in Houston and New Orleans, heat which reminded him of Owensboro in 1902—of Washington and New York City in almost any year. He had his wife cut the sleeves off and the collar bands out of half a dozen shirts. His neighbors looked mild wonder at the new style, but he wore them.

After lunch last Tuesday, the newspaper man said to his wife: "One of the best highways in America runs to Carthage. Let's drive up there and see what Cordell Hull thinks about the political situation."

Along the way something reminded him of something and he said: "Do you know, Carthage is the home of that old telephone friend of mine who has been rebuilding an old house."

Yes, they told him in Carthage, the telephone man was home, puttering away up at that old house of his at all sorts of things that nobody else wanted.

The newspaper man went to the rebuilt house of the telephone man and knocked. A voice, still familiar, called from the back yard: "Come on through; I'm out here." And there he was—in a shirt with the sleeves cut off and the collar band cut out.

Let me name my characters now. The newspaper man is myself. The telephone man is Ben S. Reed, President of the Southern Bell Telephone Company.

Years make a difference. Ben's head is as white as a sheep. And he has the effrontery to say that I am bald. But we are we—and we are home, home where the streams run cold and cool breezes trickle down through the passes of the hills.

Of course we had to go back to Owensboro to start.

"Isn't it a great old town? I was there last year."

"Wonderful town. I was there last year, too, and wanted to stay."

Then the pickle barrel and our high resolve some day to come home and go without collars. I congratulated him on having the nerve really to wear a shirt with the collar band cut out.

"Yes," he smiled, "and the neighbors think I am putting on dog."

The foregoing is the preface to a political article. I think that, by my visit to Carthage, I discovered something significant. This—that big business is in a fair way of going for the Democratic candidate, Alfred E. Smith.

It is not easy to find supporters of Alfred E. Smith in and around Carthage. If the Congressman from the Fourth Tennessee District had happened to be out campaigning and the President of the Southern Bell Telephone Company at his office in Atlanta, I am not sure that I should have found one.

Carthage is a beautiful town full of fine people—comfortable, cultured, small town people. Ben Reed is the one big business man who has a home in it. And Ben Reed is enthusiastically for Al Smith.

I have seen other big business men in this region in the same frame of mind. I could make a list of their names. But I never liked catalogues—and I do like stories, particularly stories in which I am one of the leading characters.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Road to Heaven

By HERBERT ASBURY

"In the Service of the King;" The Story of My Life, By Aimee Semple McPherson. Boni & Liveright, New York.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of Mrs. McPherson's literary effort, I believe, first appeared in the "New York Evening Graphic," a tabloid newspaper which has won great renown for the extraordinary vulgarity with which it presents the news. That is a much better place for it than between the covers of a book, for it is a typical tabloid production—a helter-skelter, bubbling, boiling, rhapsodic and frequently incoherent mess of religious platitudes and screeching exhortations, in which God is often mentioned but is quite overshadowed by the personality of the ballyhooing, go-getting evangelist whose frenzied forays against Satan have made her name a household word throughout the United States. As writing it is wholly devoid of merit, and if Mr. Mencken did not have a prior lien on the word I should be tempted to dismiss it with the observation that it is simply bilge. As an example of Mrs. McPherson's style, consider the manner in which she begins her opening chapter:

"Sand!

Gray Sand!

A wilderness of sand!

Lost in the desert—and night closing in!

'Help!'

'H-e-l-p!' I cried, as I stumbled over the wasteland.

'H-e-l-p!' came the mocking echo, growing softer and softer in the distance until it sobbed its way into the deathlike stillness of the desert dusk.

A drooping, forlorn, cotton-clad figure, I trudged falteringly into the swelling gloom, I wavered, staggered, scarcely able to lift one foot after the other. The heavy shoes, far too large for me, chafed burning blisters."

All of the chapters start like that, and all make just about as much sense.

Mrs. McPherson begins her autobiography with the story of the famous kidnapping case, in which she makes out an extremely strong case for herself, and then skips back to her childhood in Canada. Thereafter she rockets along in a swirling torrent of words, platitudes and generalities with the tale of how she rejected the hellish teachings of evolution, of the hardships she experienced as a young wife and mother, how she was converted and determined to save the world for Christ, and so became a missionary to the heathen, a tent revivalist, a confidant of the Lord and a healer of the sick, and finally founder and proprietor of the magnificent Angelus Temple in Los Angeles. There she now preaches to a weekly attendance of some 25,000 persons, and collects revenues from them sufficient to have caused considerable disgraceful bickering between herself on one side and on the other her mother and others interested in the financial future of the Lord's temple. But of these bickerings and squabblings there is no mention in the book.

Worthless as Mrs. McPherson's book is as literature and as difficult as it is to read, it has a very definite value as a clinical exhibit, and should be tremendously interesting to students of religious psychology. From its pages Mrs. McPherson emerges as emotional, gushy, theatrical and superficial—a perfect specimen of the type of religious fanatic who has debased true religion (if there be such a thing) and made it the laughing stock of intelligent and civilized people. There is much talk of faith in the Lord and of blind acceptance of such of His decrees as His earthly ministers may see fit to proclaim; and there are many accounts of people having been healed of fearful diseases by the Holy Spirit, with Mrs. McPherson acting as intermediary. But there are no names, and one reading the evangelist's rhapsodic accounts receives a very definite impression that had the Lord attempted such cures alone He would have been a flat failure.

In common with all religionists of her type, Mrs. McPherson professes an intimate knowledge of Heaven, and of the correct road thither. The road, it appears, can be traveled only by those who subscribe to the "Four Square Gospel," which appears to be an unquestioning acceptance of Genesis, and blind faith and trust in the God of the Old Testament, the same Deity who, among other works calculated to prove His utter goodness, slew forty little children for making fun of Elisha's bald head. More, Mrs. McPherson describes Heaven, and her conception is of a place of sensual, barbaric magnificence, with "every gate of solid pearl. . . . The walls are of twelve different foundations, and are set with precious stones—sardonyx, emerald, chrysolite and beryl; the streets are made of pure gold, refined until it is as pure and clear as glass."

Obviously Heaven is quite a place; a sort of celestial night club.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed August 1.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Beau Ideal," by Percival Christopher Wren. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. The third story of the Geste triology, which will be welcomed by lovers of the two which preceded it. The Foreign Legion in Africa once more supplies the theme. Not an atom of reality, but the action is exciting. Reviewed July 25.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed July 25.

"The Cavalier of Tennessee," by Meredith Nicholson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. This is the life of Andrew Jackson, perhaps the most romantic figure in American history, in fiction form. It is excellent reading for high school students as well as for adults. To be reviewed next week.

Non-Fiction

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see.

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed July 25.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoy light verse, this is the very best.

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Two Temperaments

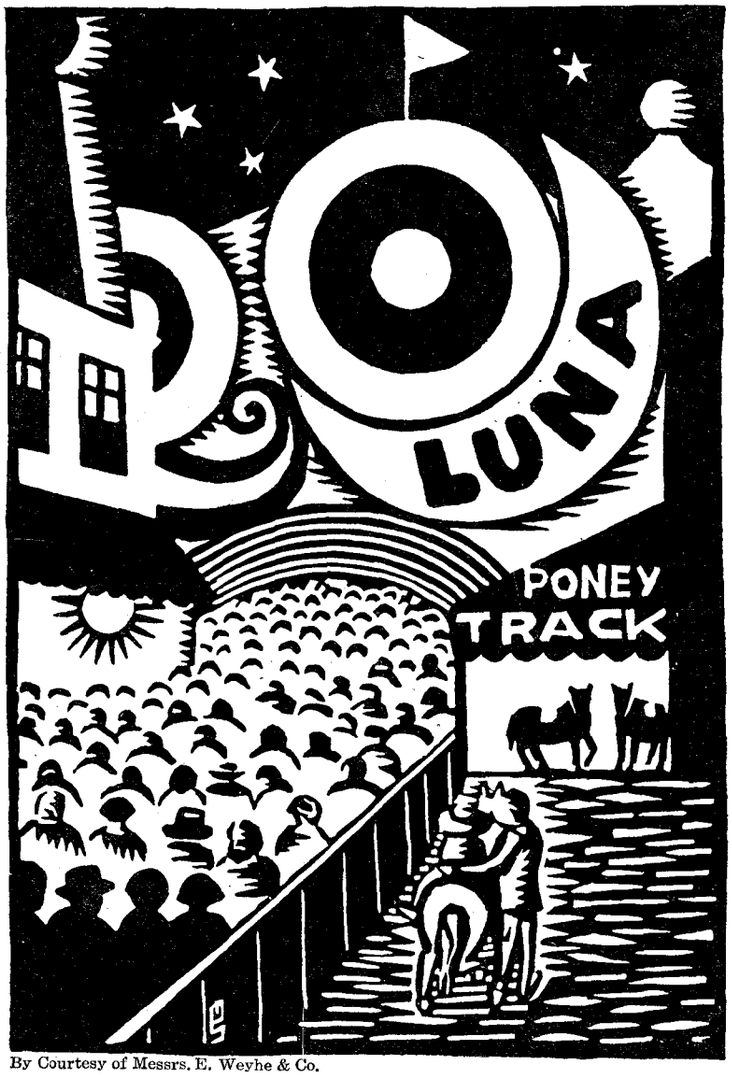
By RUTH SUCKOW

"The Woman Who Rode Away," By D. H. Lawrence. Alfred A. Knopf.
"Children and Fools," By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf.

THESE volumes of short stories by two of Europe's most eminent novelists might be read as illustrations in temperament. Mann, dispassionate, deeply and almost tragically sympathetic, personally aloof; and Lawrence, subjective, passionate, uneven, now a vulgarian and now a genius, personally involved to the point of propaganda—not so far apart in their literary generations, they nevertheless point the much older contrast between the personal and the impersonal, balanced intellect and flashing intuition, solid dignity and erratic inspiration.

By far the most interesting story in Thomas Mann's volume is the first, "Disorder and Early Sorrow." It is, in fact, the reason for the volume, for the other stories are largely reprints, dating from 1897 to 1911. None of Mann's work could be negligible, but—compared with this newer and longer story—the earlier ones are nearly so. They lack the marvelous delicacy of perception and technique that brings the almost intangible subject matter of "Disorder and Early Sorrow" to such a beautiful clarity. Relatively, never absolutely, they are mechanical; while most noticeable of all, is Mann's tendency in them to let his great tenderness for the grotesque and the unfortunate run away with him and overflow into rather too many tears.

But in that unusual and yet simply told first story, all the finest qualities of Mann's later fiction are apparent—his exquisite accuracy, his union of cool mentality and deep emotion, and above all his mastery of every phase—factual, emotional, spiritual—of the circumstances of his story which controls and envelops the whole. At first glance diffuse, the apparent irrelevancies resolve themselves into the most delicate detail to form the setting for the fine thread of central narrative. The chief character is a child, and this central narrative the story of the child's immature awakening. But as in Mann's great novel "The Magic Mountain," the values of the theme reach out far beyond the human simplicity of the character until they involve a whole phase of existence.



By Courtesy of Messrs. E. Weyhe & Co.

"PONY TRACK AT LUNA"
Woodcut by Margaret Schloemann

Reading D. H. Lawrence after reading Thomas Mann is like climbing a rocky path after walking a highway. There are occasional wonderful vistas, and there are chasms—and still worse, annoying little pitfalls of vulgarity. But the footing, if uncertain, is excitingly so.

Here in this latest volume is the queerest mixture of techniques, viewpoints and subjects. The manner goes all the way from the truly beautiful to a cheap slanginess that sounds like one of the many worst (not one of the ultra-best) of modern British fictioneers. Some of the stories keep well within the range of the human world; and of these the first, "Two Blue Birds," is one of the wisest. Lawrence's real passion, however, is for the darker depths. Frequently shoddy in prose, he is even more frequently splendid when he writes as a poet. There is fine poetry in such stories as "Sun," "The Border Line," and "The Woman Who Rode Away."

But it is in his feeling, not for human beings, but for the forces of nature, the darker and more Luciferian side of passion, that Lawrence is at his splendid best. This appears in fragments—lines and paragraphs. As a whole, the import of this type of Lawrence story is always a piece of camouflaged Lawrence spiritual propaganda. In this volume, the changes are rung—sometimes very subtly—on the subject of the mastery of the male. The title story is a fable. Even the marvelous descriptive passages are involved. Under the partial covering of the fabulous tale, Lawrence gives rein again to his peculiar fear of the power of women, his frequently hysterical emphasis upon the need for male domination to save this modern world in a Lawrencian savage sense. And, amusingly, he gives rein to his particular dread of the energy of American women. Two of his heroines are American women. One of them, "a dynamo," who had "all that terrible American energy," Lawrence delivers into the power of a Mexican bull-fighter. The other, still more finally, he offers as a sacrifice to the Indians, in order that the sun may once

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more be greater than the moon, that humanity may regain "the mastery that man must hold, and that passes from race to race."

This is the high note of the Lawrence religion in volume number more than thirty. As in other Lawrence volumes, however, the religion may be discarded and the high, if uncertain, beauty of the writing retained. Lawrence is not the master of prose fiction that Thomas Mann is so indubitably. But he has a spirit of dark poetry abominable at its worst and at its best inimitable in his generation.

Making the Apostles Live

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"The Glorious Company," By Tracy Migatt and Frances Witherspoon. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York.

"THE Glorious Company of the Apostles Praise Thee." In these ancient words the authors of this new book find their title. "The Glorious Company" by Tracy D. Mygatt and Frances Witherspoon is a suggestive and stimulating attempt to catch the real spirit and motif of the lives of that early band to whom Jesus entrusted his cause and gospel. These individual sketches are not exact history though they show wide study and critical insight; nor are they exegesis or theology but rather attempts to portray these half legendary figures as men of flesh and blood, "dauntless men who led lives of extraordinary interest and value." The authors have tried to find the psychological key to each of these heroic lives and they have called upon history, tradition and imagination to fill in the picture. The result is that these traditional, legend encrusted saints become real and living.

Glancing a moment at each pen picture drawn by the authors, these features stand out: Peter has not merely the rock-like character associated with his name, he has even more, a sureness of vision. He knew that Jesus was indeed the One. It was this spiritual insight which made him so favored by the Master. Andrew, as his very name indicates, was manly and valorous. It is men's discernment of this quality in him which has made him such a popular saint. Matthew, the tax gatherer, can be understood only as we remember his business and his renunciation of that business. Best of all the disciples he knew the way money poisons the soul. He knew that no man could serve both God and money. James, son of Zebedee, was ambitious for himself but he learned to be ambitious for the cause of the Master. Jude or Thaddeus was a shepherd and this fact seems to have helped him at times to grasp the meaning of Jesus more quickly than some of the others. Thomas, of course, the doubter, but this must not be remarked in disparagement but rather in understanding. It was his doubts which led him to the deepest thought on the ultimate problems and this thought led him to Jesus. It is fitting that this disciple should have become the saint of the Christians in philosophy loving India. Of James, the Less, we know only that he was one of three sons who had from his mother's lips the first tidings of the empty tomb. Philip and Nathanael or Bartholomew were great friends and their deep friendship for each other gave them insight into the meaning of the Kingdom of Love proclaimed by Jesus. The key to the life of Simon, the Zealot, is found in the rejection of force. He was an out and out opponent of war. He had seen the folly of the old Zealot way of violence and he was determined to work for Christ's Kingdom only by methods consistent with that Kingdom. And Paul, he also was an apostle, for he too had seen Jesus. He had heard Jesus' voice in the dying words of Stephen, "Lay not this sin to their charge." Once having found the way, Paul was not content to preach that Way to the Chosen People only. He saw that the gospel could be hedged in and confined by no bounds of race or nation. Finally, there was John, the beloved disciple; love was in truth the key to his life. We can well believe the tradition that as an old, old man he would only say, "Little children, love one another; there is nothing more." These are the twelve but our authors depict a thirteenth. Judas Iscariot is also included. He was chosen by Jesus. There must have been great qualities in him. He did what he did, as our authors see it, because of what our psychologists are wont to call, "a complex." He was not a devil any more than most of us. In him but for the grace of God we may see ourselves. The reader may well ponder this sketch.

This is a book to meditate upon. Possibly the authors did not intend it but they have written a book which the genuinely religious may use as a devotional aid. It is not a "devotional book" in the usual sense of that phrase, but it will give the religious man a much richer content when he meditates upon that glorious company of those who first knew the Christ. It is finely done. It is good for the soul.

"*So* It Ended"

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUE

"Lord Grey and the World War," by Hermann Lutz, translated from the German by E. W. Dickes. Alfred A. Knopf
"England's Holy War," by Irene Cooper Willis Alfred A. Knopf
"Locarno: The Reality," by Alfred Fabre-Luce, translated from the French by Constance Vesey. Alfred A. Knopf

IT'S a fine eye for complements the Knopf people have in simultaneously bringing out three authors from as many countries recently concerned with tossing about missiles more deadly than words. And, also, an eye for timeliness.

Hermann Lutz, for the German camp, in his "Lord Grey and the World War" tells who assisted his country in starting the bloodshed; Irene Cooper Willis, for the critically minded of the English, in "England's Holy War," by endless newspaper quotations points out how the Liberals kept high-flown ideals sopped in gore; and Alfred Fabre-Luce, for the French, or perhaps just for himself, in "Locarno: The Reality" outdoes the other two authors and offers up an idea for doing away with present European troubles and the further possibility of blood-letting.

Summer has come, and school is out, however; consequently the Lutz volume for a while may go a-begging for those readers who still maintain an academic interest in the more direct causes of the World War. (Anyway, we are supposed to forget all about the causes.) Being an able documentarian and foot-noter, he has produced an efficient reference book on the many sins, omitted and committed, of Sir Edward Grey, now Viscount of Falloden. As a major incidental he shows the small part Germany really took in bringing on the actual hostilities. True enough, and yet Herr Lutz is somewhat ungentlemanly and obviously bitter about the manner in which he heaps blame upon the hapless Grey.

With its hundreds of foot-notes tagging each chapter, the work runs to completeness commensurate with the date of publication. In his final pages Herr Lutz becomes more gentle and offers up a prayer looking to English clear-mindedness.

Irene Willis succeeds in better holding down her temper. In newspaper "leaders," in telling quotations, or even in verse of the time, she tells almost as much about the war as does Herr Lutz.

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Her primary concern lies in showing how the English liberal thinkers fell into the error of starting a "Holy War" that once made holy had to be kept holy. She places the necessary swathings and toga upon "A. G. G.," of the London "Daily News," but does not fail to clothe adequately the Liberal "Commander-in-Chief" H. G. Wells, among others of the English, and to give some attention to the raiment of our own Woodrow Wilson.

The Englishwoman gratifies a long-felt need when she reveals the authorships of so many of our slogans; such as "A war to end war," "Setting the world to rights," "A war of the mind," and "Can the Kaiser," which last turns out to be purely American. She neglects the *"Gott mit uns,"* which came to this country on so many belt buckles. Her literary style leaves room for an occasional chuckle over the whole mess, without, however, detracting from the thought-provoking side of her work. Even before she has reached the lucid chapter on "Perplexities" following the Armistice, she has completed her study of the English war mind—which is largely any other mind of any time.

Now in his book comes Alfred Fabre-Luce with the somewhat unexpected idea of a *rapprochement,* a political, economic, and possibly militiary alliance between France and Germany.

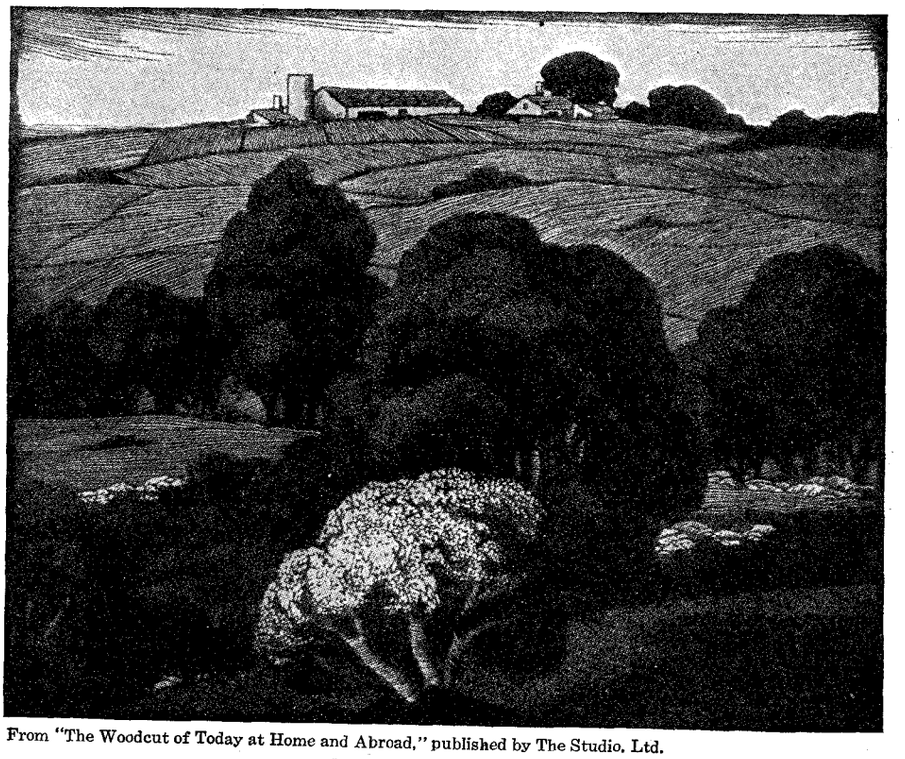
Locarno, the Conference, is hardly the Frenchman's subject. Locarno, the policy, to him means more than the foregathering of statesmen; it means the foundation upon which to build with spiritual truths. Changes this side of 1914, he says, "call for new instruments." It is his idea that an alliance fostered by France and Germany, through the League of Nations, can lead to enduring European and world amity permitting "progressive union, within the limits prescribed by economy and psychology." The Interallied debts are due for cancellation "because they have no productive counterpart."

Having prescribed, M. Fabre-Luce turns to and, under the title "Learn or Perish," makes a noteworthy plea directly to the French, so long accustomed to the habit of belligerent thinking. Old fires die in the flood of idealism. The scholar writes an entire chapter "Against the Utopists," even as he must know that he writes for the few who can see as clearly as he. Our statesmen are not up to it, the majority cannot be, and those of us with the necessary ability simply refuse to be pestered. In respect to some of his hopes, then, M. Fabre-Luce is himself utopian.

Two Novels

Romer Wilson calls the "Death of Society" (Knopf) a Novel of Tomorrow, but the book does not belong to the future more than to the past. It is outside time and geographical boundaries, even as its characters are "beyond good and evil." We have here a young Englishman who loves a beautiful Norwegian woman married and some years his senior. For one summer day, with the knowledge of Rosa's old husband, they permit themselves to imagine the destruction of society with all its claims and strictures. Then they part forever and resume their usual obligations. A simple and not very original story, whose brief outlines can give no conception of the beautiful Norwegian background which the author evokes with poetic significance, the subtleties of character portrayed or the ecstatic mood pervading the entire book. With the perception of genius Miss Wilson shows her hero, Rane Smith, half falling in love with Rosa's daughter, in his common-place normal personality, even while his innermost soul is aflame with his passion for Rosa. The "Death of Society" is a book for those who prefer poetic or philosophic truth to a plodding preoccupation with the actualities of daily life.

Hilda Vaughan uses the pungent Welsh dialect effectively in "The Invader" (Harper & Brothers), one of those rare volumes which make an American feel that his own, his native land, is not so bad after all. It appears that humble Welsh shepherds are just as hostile to the stranger within the gates as our own Ku Klux Klan, and that they can burn a barn or beat an unpopular citizen with all the fervor and efficiency of a Tennessee fundamentalist. It is a dour and unlovable people that Miss Vaughan portrays with so much honesty, sardonic humor and sympathy withal. Races who have had to wrest their meagre existence from the reluctant Earth, whether on the misty Welsh downs, or in the dark valleys of our Southern mountains, or along New England's rock-bound coast, have never been distinguished for their sweetness of nature, tolerance, or graciousness. There is a charming love story in "The Invader" and also a most amusing study of a spinster who utterly fails to recognize her only proposal of marriage, when she gets it, from a most eligible gentleman at that. This incident is not only original, but has a ring of truth. We fancy that a good many "born old-maids" need to have their proposal-consciousness awakened!



From "The Woodcut of Today at Home and Abroad," published by The Studio, Ltd.

"IN NEW HAMPSHIRE"
Woodcut by T. W. Nason

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Protestantism in Politics

(Continued from Page 685)

in them of God or the Church, nor is there any reason why there should be. For those articles are concerned with temporal affairs. By specific provision, the Constitution recognizes that the temporal Government it creates and sustains has no right to interfere with an establishment of religion or to prohibit the free exercise thereof. That obligation is mutual. Neither an establishment of religion nor the free exercise thereof has the right to interfere with the conduct of the Government.

THERE is not the suspicion of a shadow upon which the Protestant Church in America may base a claim of infallibility in temporal affairs. There is not a reputable shred of authority with which the Protestant clergyman may clothe himself in a garment of superior political leadership. There is not a self-respecting Christian layman of the Protestant faith in the United States today who does not resent the attempt on the part of certain of the clergy of his Church to dictate to his judgment on the political issues of the moment. That resentment is growing steadily as the attempt at dictation persists and even broadens its scope and its demands. Collateral to that resentment, there develops a scorn for the worldly intelligence and temporal judgment of the clergy that inevitably weakens their prestige and their influence in spiritual matters.

The lust of the clergy for temporal power, not the machinations of Antichrist, is the real menace to the spiritual dominion of the Protestant Church in America today, even as it was in earlier days to the Church of Rome.

A Dionysian in Concord

(Continued from Page 692)

man was an early riser and kept reminding himself during the day that he had urgent business on this planet. In fact, "in any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick, too; to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line. . . To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of the arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. . . . To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?"

This ideal of life stakes itself on the conviction that man's latent capacities are as yet unmeasured. Those of this faith find their actual capacities limited, short-sighted, and drowsy, and therefore they seek to surpass themselves by bringing to birth in actuality the higher potentials of their psychology. Thoreau knew that well, and, a true follower of Dionysus, he aimed high, for "in the long run, men hit only what they aim at."

As a model for the Dionysian life, Thoreau approximates completeness, for he reveals the norm of such a life in its critical, its working and its idealistic aspects. Furthermore, he defended Dionysian conduct against those who said that it neglected charity and due concern for social duties. His retort was utterly skeptical of the powers of human beings as they are (that is, in their present condition of self-ignoranee and self-love) to do anything for the real good of their fellows. He said what any student of knowing ones' self must say: "I am the worst man I know" and hence unless I can become "a worthy" my efforts to help other people are an impertinence and likely as not demoralizing from an objective point of view. Thoreau therefore worked for self-perfection in the belief that as he struggled toward it, he would automatically and only in that way become an asset to his fellow beings.

It is quite supererogatory to say that he did not achieve his ideals, for in their very nature such ideals continually recede from embodiment. The goal, so clearly seen, is nevertheless at so remote a distance that a lifetime—and Thoreau's life was comparatively short—brings one only a league or two toward it. Criticism accordingly dwells not upon the failure of the Dionysian in actualizing his ideals, but praises him for steering his course by them as by the fixed stars of the heavens. It is of greater profit to inquire whether the methods and means employed by this Dionysian were the most appropriate ones for his immense and heroic design, and thus far these extremely practical matters have not been touched by American critics. For instance, they have not seriously tried to estimate the

(Please Turn to Page 720)

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Elisabeth Sanxay Holding's The Silk Purse Dutton

Archie was nice looking, and he knew enough to say "Please" and "Thank you," so Anthea married him, and tried to make something out of him—just what, wasn't very clear. Anyway, she didn't succeed. Kathie and Isabelle loved him too, but none of them could shatter his politeness. So that after all nothing really happened, because you can't do much with a person who is just polite.

Wallace Irwin's Lew Tyler and the Ladies Doubleday Doran

Lew had been a devil with the women in his youth, but when he started out at 47 to sow a few early winter oats he failed miserably. We thought it was one of those things you never forget, like swimming. Our guess is that Lew hadn't been such a devil after all. He had thought about it too much, and had probably talked about it in the club until he had convinced himself, if not his hearers. Anyway, he fails, and returns disgruntled to his wife.

Henry Wade's The Missing Partners Payson & Clarke

Strange discoveries following on the disappearance of Charles and James Morden, partners in an old but shaky shipping firm, including an excursion into bootleggery from the British side. It gets off to a slow start with the reader wondering rather boredly if Charles really did do James in, but the tempo increases rapidly without sacrifice of credibility until the surprising finale. A completely logical plot, but you won't guess the answer without help.

Lewis Browne's The Graphic Bible Macmillan

There are few books, whose action isn't completely psychological, that wouldn't be easier reading if they were accompanied by maps and charts. The action of the simplest story becomes confused in the reader's mind, because it is almost impossible to convey by description alone any idea of topography. Undoubtedly the maps of Wessex have made the novels of Thomas Hardy much more clear and enjoyable to their readers. Particularly is this the case with the Bible. Dr. Browne's maps are clear and simple, un-cluttered with superfluous detail. At a glance you have a clear picture of the geographical conditions which determined so much of the historical action of the Old Testament, as well as of the journeys of Jesus and Paul. A short narrative of the events goes with each map, of which there are about one hundred. This is by no means a substitute for the Bible, but a very useful and interesting supplement to it.

Octavus Roy Cohen's The Light Shines Through Little Brown

When John Avery disappeared, all his money went to the girl for whom he cherished a hopeless passion, Naomi Craig. Naomi married Don Logan. Then John did an Enoch Arden, with variations, and found that Don wasn't treating Naomi right. Also that there was a dark secret in Naomi's past, and that Don ruled her by threatening to reveal it. We waited expectantly all through the book for John to pound Don to a pulp, but although "the opening at the throat of his shirt disclosed a chest of mammoth proportions," John never hit Don once. Two hundred and ninety pages and not a blow struck. Neither amusing nor exciting, this book is not in the same class with Mr. Cohen's negro dialect stories.

Margaret Mead's Coming of Age in Samoa Morrow

In an endeavor to throw light on the study of the psychology of adolescence the author has conducted her investigation among the primitive youth of Samoa, thus eliminating many of the confusing factors of present day civilized life. Her work has unquestionable value for the psychologist, the data being handled carefully and presented logically, and the conclusions well-reasoned; but the unusual feature for a book on psychological subjects is that it is exceedingly well written and possesses charm. It seems a shame that the necessary prominence of sex in the treatment of the subject may prove a bar to the enjoyment by the general reading public of the absorbing recital of the intimate details of Samoan every-day life. The book will prove interesting and valuable to the student of psychology and attractive to any reader who does not object to the handling of natural facts with ungloved hands.

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Ten-Fingered Hobby

(Continued from Page 689)

this instrument give me comfort and the antidote for as acute a case of green homesickness as ever had any seventeen year old lad fresh from home.

It was the piano (and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience") that gave me introduction to one of the friends I now hold most dear. I had but recently discovered the witty fantasy and beauty of this operetta and played it over and over again, front cover to back.

One rainy afternoon as I sat doing so, there was a knock at my door. I opened it upon a tall, dark youth whom I took to be a freshman like myself. He explained, however, that he was an upper classman, who had been passing my window.

He said that he too was a lover of Gilbert and Sullivan and had come in to see who might be playing the score of "Patience."

This was the beginning of many pleasant visits and experiences. My caller turned out to be a first rate amateur pianist himself (he also played the 'cello and sang a vigorous second tenor). He was taking the University's pre-medical course. Today he is a surgeon of much promise whose hobby like my own remains music. Many a happy evening we spent playing duets or solo.

Since I have left college and come to know the earnestness of earning my right to live in this competitive old world, my piano has come more than ever to be a precious part of my life.

It continues to make friends for me and to bring closer the old ones. Often I return home from a harrowing day's work. I will be dead beat. But after dinner I have but to sit me at the keyboard and my fingers will soon find an escape from the material worries and frettings, carrying me away on a wave of warmth and intensity that can come only from the perfect hobby.

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Our Stammering State Department

(Continued from Page 688)

need lobbyists; but it does need intelligent public support and constructive public appreciation. It is not perfect, but the policies it administers are, on the whole, good policies and worth supporting. That they should not be supported is almost a calamity.

VARIOUS remedies have been suggested for this deficiency. Some of them are, perhaps, too radical to be possible at present; but some of them are entirely practicable. The first reform to be made is in the Division of Current Information. It should be authorized—and, if necessary, its appropriation increased for that purpose—to write a courteous and informative reply, with proper regard for official secrets, to every request for information received by the Department. Consideration and courtesy to the general public is the basis of intelligent publicity and the first step towards popular approval. The head of the Division of Current Information should be a man of high rank in the Department itself, qualified to speak with authority and to withhold information, when necessary, without clumsiness or stammering. He should, moreover, make it his business to cultivate through informal contacts a more accurate knowledge of the spirit and methods of our current foreign policy among editors, publicists, professors, and others interested in the exposition and analysis of international relations. This step is entirely within the competence and discretion of the Secretary of State, and would do much to rob the present system of press contacts of the taint of evasiveness, ignorance, and confusion.

Another step, and one which is even more important, is the regularization of the Department's relations with Congress. So long as the Senate shares, under the Constitution, in the conduct of our foreign affairs, it is futile to regard it as a rival to the Department or an obstacle to its policies. A high-ranking man—preferably of the rank of counselor of embassy—should be assigned to serve with the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, *ex officio*, just as such a man might be appointed to serve with the Embassy at Rome, Tokyo, or London. He would serve, not as propagandist for the Department or lobbyist for appropriations, as under the present informal arrangement, but as an official liaison officer between the Senate in its executive capacity and the appropriate executive branch of the Government. If his duties justified, it might be found advisable to appoint one or two secretaries to serve with him to facilitate the work of the Senate and House committees and to obviate the clumsy formal method of calling for documents and summoning officials to testify. It would in no sense be the despatch of a diplomatic mission to the Senate; it would be putting the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in the position of an ambassador who heads, subject to his approval, a diplomatic staff assigned by the State Department. If it were adopted, it would mark a great step forward in the rehabilitation of the Department in the eyes of the public and of Congress. There is reason to believe that, though the move might be distasteful to some of the "social clique" in the Department, the older and more responsible officials would welcome such a solution of the present unsatisfactory system. Such an arrangement by its formal recognition of the Senate's diplomatic status would put an end to many minor misunderstandings and irritations between the State Department and Congress. This proposal could, however, be effected only through the action of the Senate and could never be directly proposed by the State Department.

The plain fact is that the Department is keenly aware of the handicaps under which it labors to win public support for wise and well-considered American policies. It it could, it would establish press bureaus in the various centers of population—probably one in each Federal Reserve district—and would maintain a staff of press secretaries at its diplomatic posts abroad, in order to end the condition of mingled ignorance and *non possumuses* which which have permitted our foreign policies to become the scapegoats of foreign propaganda and of domestic criticism. But it is unlikely that any so sensible a step can be taken in the near future.

Birth Control and the Law

(Continued from Page 687)

to that in New York, which specifies "for the cure of disease." But Minnesota leaves out the phrase "or prevention"; an important restriction in practice.

And what about other hospitals, all through the country? What is their policy when a woman comes to one of their clinics who is ill with tuberculosis or heart disease or diseased kidneys; so ill that childbearing would be almost certainly fatal? They charge her to avoid pregnancy, and when she asks them helplessly, "What shall I do?" they shrug their shoulders and say, "Find out for yourself." If she comes back to them with child, they may go to the desperate extreme of a therapeutic abortion, if convinced that this is necessary; if they err on the side of optimism she may die. But they will not tell her the simple means of prevention.

Few medical men have shown any interest in ending this absurd and inhuman situation, or in asserting their claims to freedom in the honest exercise of their profession. One or two gestures have been made. Largely through the efforts of the Maternal Health Committee the obstetrical section has adopted a resolution recommending the alteration of exisiting laws wherever necessary so that physicians may legally give contraceptive information to their patients. But through several annual conventions the general body of the American Medical Association has wrestled over this resolution, and it has not yet been brought up on the floor. The opposition has been due to two factors; Roman Catholic sentiment within the association, and no less decisive, that curious manifestation, medical conservatism.

On the whole, one would say that the present laws offer the least of the hindrances to the birth control movement. Even the Roman Catholic Church, whose bitter opposition is too familiar and far too long a story for me to go into here, is probably not its strongest enemy. In a much profounder sense it is the inertia of the medical gentry; the indifference of the intelligent classes, who enjoy the benefits of family limitation anyway. Most of all it is the ancient psychology of the taboo; the inexplicable cycle of fear running round and round from one person to another, like a dog chasing its tail.

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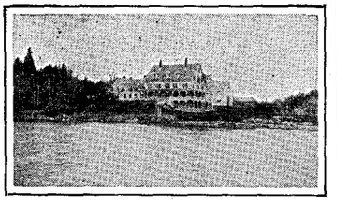

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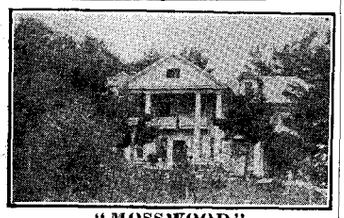

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A Dionysian in Concord

(Continued from Page 716)

experimental method which is clearly valid as *a* technic of living, but may still not be the master technic of the art of living, but only an auxilliary. Nor has the American critic fully counted the cost of Thoreau's preoccupation with Nature. He came one night on the shores of Moosehead Lake to a profound conclusion about the Nature he loved as a poet and a scientist: there was no principle in Nature bound to be friendly to man. But—and in this he contrasts with the pre-occupation of Socrates—he was less absorbed in the study of human nature, and perhaps this was a fundamental mistake in his endeavor to fulfill his aspirations.

We must make the same allowances for Thoreau that we kindly make for ourselves. He was obliged to work without a map of life and the universe. He grew up without a central clue to the processes of experiencing and no one about him had any notion of either a map by which to travel or of a clue to the real meaning of the experiences of the traveler. Under the circumstances, he lived as nobly as he could: he used his mother wit, his commonsense, to guide him through this vale of perplexities: the by-products of his search were the only results. Curiously, though, his by-products were the very things that most men prize as ends and fail to reach. Among those by-products was health of the emotions.

Cheerfulness was his: a manly independence: fortitude. Something about the timbre of his emotions calls to mind Socrates, and one is thrilled to perceive that intellectually also the comparison sustains itself, for Thoreau's skepticism began with himself and included mankind and at the same time it was counterbalanced by the affirmation that it was desirable and right to lead the philosophic life. The powers of Socrates were larger and finer, and he had advantages in his environment since the Pythagorean reformation had not lost all its character even in the Athens of his lifetime. No such sources of nutriment for the Good Life were to be found in the Concord of 1850, yet we can well call Thoreau, as he has already been named, the Yankee Socrates.

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